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THE fifteenth anniversary of Armistice Day finds the world almost back at the pre-war international anarchy. Mr. Henderson has returned to Geneva with the intention, we hope, of forcing a quick showdown. Patience is no longer a virtue in a world which is rapidly arming for war even while it discusses disarmament. Ironically enough, Mr. Henderson will no longer find so much difficulty with France or with Great Britain (which has, it is true, reduced its armaments but which has been one of the most stubborn obstacles at vital points). To-day the question is whether anything can be done quickly enough in view of the vacillating policy of Italy and the difficulty of restoring confidence in Europe that a convention will be effective even if it is reached. Therefore there is only one point that matters. Disarmament and the whole system of collective security may still mean something if supervision is made a reality. Supervision is the acid test. If the other European Powers agree, will Germany consent to full and honest supervision of armaments?

A Fascist Bloc?

At the moment the whole trend of Europe is towards a new formation of the balance of power. Hitler, anxiously trying to hold off his enemies until he is ready to defy them, has put out feelers to soften anger in Paris and in Warsaw, and has sent off General Göring to talk things over with the Duce. An inspired statement in the Italian press suggests that he is making some headway in Italy, and that Mussolini is hesitating whether to ignore the stipulations made when the Four Power Pact was signed and to aim again at a Four Power Pact outside the framework of the League. Negotiations are also going on with Dr. Dollfuss, who seems to be preparing to destroy the working-class movement in his own country and to make terms with his Fascist neighbours. If Dollfuss, Hitler and Mussolini reach an agreement we shall be confronted with the appalling prospect of a Fascist *bloc* from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. If that should happen, we shall indeed be back at the old pre-war balance of power and war will not be far off.

Collective Security in the House of Commons

Tuesday's debate in the House of Commons at least showed one thing—that the impossible isolationism of Lord Beaverbrook and the rearmament-on-a-huge-scale-in-the-air policy of Lord Rothermere have no friends among responsible persons. There was general agreement that England must stand by Locarno, but Sir John Simon's skilful defence of the Government did not disguise the fact that it was largely his policy in regard to Japan which had destroyed confidence in the collective peace system of

the League. Nor did he satisfactorily dispose of Mr. Lloyd George's criticisms in regard to our policy towards Germany. The Labour Party stood four-square for the collective peace principle though Mr. Lansbury, speaking for himself, urged that no policy which could lead to war, whether it called itself a League war or not, could have his consent. Actually Mr. Lansbury was in a rather confused way voicing the opinion of a very large number of his rank and file outside the House, who distrustful of any possibilities of genuine " police " action from Geneva, only feel passionately that they must oppose any war at any cost. The message of the debate to Germany was that all the political parties in England loathe the new regime and are quite unprepared to be deceived by pacific pretensions abroad when they are made against a background of intense militarisation at home.

A " Better League " ?

Baron von Neurath, like the other Nazi leaders, mixes defiance and conciliation in his speeches. He began last Sunday with a fierce attack—not entirely unjustified—on the League of Nations, and he ended with the now familiar assurance that Germany did not really want more guns, aircraft and tanks, but peace and collaboration with her neighbours in a " better League." In the middle was a passage in which he recited the chief German grievances—Eupen-Malmedy, Upper Silesia, Danzig, the lost colonies. There may have been hints here as to terms on which Germany might be brought into the " better League." Meanwhile other countries, whether they have guilty or clear consciences, are less disposed to regard Germany's grievances, and even Baron von Neurath's pacific professions, than Germany's patent threats. Poles, Danzigers, Russians, Czechs, Austrians, and even the innocent Danes and Swiss have adopted postures, and indeed active measures, of defence. Switzerland, on the suggestion that the Germans might conveniently get at France through Switzerland, as they formerly did through Belgium, has actually voted six and a half millions sterling—a huge sum for Switzerland —as an addition to its military budget.

Who's Afraid ?

If the Nazi leaders had been bribed by their enemies they could not have done more to reveal the barbarity of their regime than they have done by their behaviour in the Supreme Court at Berlin. No satirist could have invented a more telling exposure than the picture of General Göring, President of Prussia, foaming and raving at the prisoner in the dock who stood calm, smiling and unafraid. Was General Göring afraid to answer Dimitrov's questions ? Apparently, since his only answer was to call him names and threaten him with the fate that would await him from the Storm Troops when he was once " out of the power of the Court." Whatever happens to Dimitrov at the end of this " trial," he goes down to history as a working-class hero, who could not be intimidated in the midst of ruthless enemies. And whatever happens to the Supreme Court of Germany, which once stood high in the opinion of the civilised world, its reputation, as long as the Nazi Germany lasts, is sunk beneath contempt. The Court listened while General Göring shouted irrelevancies for three hours ; it removed Dimitrov, not by its own will, but at the bully's command. To Heines, convicted and boastful murderer, and now a head of police, the court showed similar deference, even apologising for its show of legality when he complained on behalf of the Storm Troops that too much leniency was shown to the prisoners. As for Goebbels, who lifted himself to office on the smoke of the Reichstag fire, he informed the Court that the only party which stood to gain from that fire was the Communist party, for whom it meant obvious destruction. Anxious to avoid betraying himself as Göring had done, Goebbels declared that he wanted " to show the press of the world that he was not afraid of Dimitrov." Brave man indeed not to fear a man, who, undefended, is unafraid in face of death.

The Danger in the Far East

Moscow celebrated on Tuesday the sixteenth anniversary of the Bolshevik revolution. The demonstration of the military strength of the Soviets is always a feature of the occasion ; this time, in view of the danger in the Far East, it had more point than usual. The danger, as Molotov said in his warning speech, has become real, and the reported flight of Japanese aeroplanes over Soviet territory last Sunday has heightened the general anxiety. Of Russia's desire for peace there is no doubt, and no reasonable person can accuse her of giving any ground for provocation. But there is equally little doubt that if the Japanese attack her she is prepared for resistance. Whether they are actually meditating an immediate attack we are not so sure. The news, as we write, is at any rate not worse. The Japanese Foreign Minister has had a long conversation with the Soviet Ambassador in Tokio, in the course of which he denied the alleged crossing of the frontier by Japanese aeroplanes, and went on to reproach Soviet diplomacy with disturbing good relations by making such false charges and by publishing " fabricated documents." This looks very like Satan rebuking sin—if the Russians have on this occasion committed any sin. But perhaps it is only Mr. Hirota's pleasant little way, and talk, even if it is not particularly cordial, may avert war. It is likely, too, that the Japanese are watching America, as America is watching them.

The Progress of Rooseveltism

The vote of thirty-six out of forty-eight states in the Union against prohibition gives the " wets " the necessary majority for repealing the First Amendment. But jubilation over the end of prohibition can only for the moment distract public attention from the critical phase of the Roosevelt experiment. Since the rejection of their spokesman's demand for open inflation, the farmers' revolt has assumed serious dimensions. The farm strike is in progress in a number of States ; and there has been a good deal of minor violence over picketing, a good many farmers being determined to send their wares to market in defiance of the strike leaders. Big Business is also becoming more and more vocal in its criticisms of the President. It would like him, instead of controlling its operations, to hand the control over to a body of trade representatives, who would then be able to combine freely both in raising prices and in resisting the labour

demands for recognition and higher wages. The American Federation of Labour, on the other hand, is still backing Mr. Roosevelt, and trying to push him farther towards compelling the employers to recognise its claims. Meanwhile, America has actually bought some gold on the world market, but not enough as yet to exert any significant influence. The A.F. of L. estimates that the Roosevelt policy has increased employment by four millions, wages by 6 per cent., retail prices by 8½ per cent., and total working-class buying power by 8 per cent.—for though average wages buy less, the total wages-bill has risen in purchasing power owing to the larger number employed. This is not "recovery" but neither is it a negligible achievement.

The War Debts

The negotiations with America over our War Debt have now definitely failed, as it was practically certain from the first that they would fail; but the Americans have agreed again to accept a token payment. It is a puzzle why we ever attempted to negotiate for a final settlement under the existing conditions—for the initiative came from us, and not from the Americans. Manifestly, President Roosevelt has enough troubles of his own to deal with without taking on the additional task of trying to persuade Congress to remit the debt—a course to which it would not be at all likely to agree. Manifestly a debt settlement, on whatever lines it is finally made, will have to await the return of more settled financial conditions. All this was obvious enough before Sir Frederick Leith-Ross set out upon his mission; and time and money would have been saved if he had not been sent at all. A token payment is the best that can be managed as matters stand; and on this occasion it is to be made, not in gold or silver, but in American currency. Presumably the Exchange Equalisation Fund has plenty of dollars in hand, and will not be sorry to get rid of some of its stock.

The National Fiction

The speeches of the Prime Minister, Mr. Baldwin and Sir John Simon at their luncheon party last Monday have not cut much ice. They attacked "party politics," and expatiated on the merits of "national government"; the success and popularity of which was so clearly shown by Mr. Lindsay's return at Kilmarnock. But Mr. Lindsay polled 9,000 votes less than did his predecessor in 1931, and but for the division in the Socialist ranks he would probably not have got in at all. Not long before Kilmarnock was East Fulham, where the National candidate lost a Government seat; and not long after it has come Skipton. Here, in another four-cornered contest, the National candidate gets in, but with a drop of close on 10,000 in his majority. The "National Government" in fact, is a fiction. Its pseudo-Labour and pseudo-Liberal sections make up a mere handful in the Conservative majority that packs the House of Commons. The Labour movement, of course, will have nothing to do with this sham alliance, and the main body of Liberals has left it for the wilderness. Ninety-nine out of a hundred of the Tories regard it as a joke—a useful joke, maybe, but one that will fizzle out. As for the idea of a "National Party fusion," Colonel Gretton's description of it as "pretty newspaper work" seems the *mot juste*.

The Bad Case of Mr. Lenox Simpson

Though the matter was raised in the House of Commons before the end of last session the public has as yet scarcely had a chance of hearing about the case of Mr. Lenox Simpson and nothing effective seems to have been done so far on his behalf by the British Government. Yet the facts, as stated so far, certainly suggest that Lord Cecil is fully justified in his recent description of the affair as a "bad case." Mr. Lenox Simpson is a successful man of business and the owner and editor of the *Harbin Herald*, a bilingual paper (English and Russian) which has taken an independent and critical attitude towards the Japanese in Manchukuo. Mr. Lenox Simpson had carefully complied with the local regulations in regard to newspapers, and by registering his paper as British owned with the British Consulate had, under Chinese law, secured extra-territorial rights. The Japanese authorities were only legally able to attack it through the British Consulate, but after Mr. Garstin, the British Consul, had several times refused to shut it down at their request, the local Manchukuo police apparently took the law into their own hands, ordered Mr. Lenox Simpson out of Harbin and Manchukuo and seized the building in which his paper was printed. The Consul eventually gained permission from Tokio for Mr. Simpson to reside in Dairen, where, we understand, he still is, hundreds of miles from his home and business. Mr. Simpson has still no knowledge of any charges against him; it is no doubt possible that he is suspected of committing the Japanese crime of harbouring "dangerous thoughts." When a question was asked about the case last July, Sir John Simon gave the impression that he was more interested in avoiding any offence to Japan than in safeguarding the position of a British citizen who appears to have been treated in a quite scandalous and illegal manner. We hope that he will now have something more satisfactory to tell the House.

Oxford and Free Speech

The free speech row at Oxford raises a number of important issues. Most important of all is the underlying question whether the undergraduate ought nowadays to be subjected to any exceptional discipline differing from that to which ordinary citizens have to submit. The undergraduate is now much older than he was in the eighteenth century: yet the proctorial discipline goes on practically unaltered. Is it not really out of date? There is nothing corresponding to it in the newer Universities; and they do not suffer from its absence. In the present dispute, the leaders of the October Club, which is Communist, seem to have called a protest meeting while the "free speech" issue was still under discussion with the University authorities, without any consultation with the Labour Club and the other societies concerned, as if their object were rather to have a row than to safeguard freedom of speech. On the other hand, the Proctors seem to have taken a line that would, if it were accepted without protest, result in freedom of speech being seriously curtailed. Consequently, there are protests against the Proctors' action, not only from the October Club, but also from the Labour Club, the Oxford University Labour Party (representing senior members), and other University societies which by no means support the October Club in its recent attitude. The issue at stake is the right of free speech, including the right to criticise University institutions such as the O.T.C.

THE UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE BILL

EVER since the war Governments have been engaged in reforming our unemployment insurance system. The mountains of Whitehall have been in perennial travail, and one mouse after another has emerged. The Bill which has seen the light this week is a bigger creature, at once more promising and more formidable, and so mixed in its composition as to suggest that mythical creature which was "lion above, dragon below, and chimaera in the middle." Nobody, of course, expected a perfectly simple solution of the problem, such as the scheme put before the Royal Commission on Unemployment Insurance by the General Council of the Trades Union Congress. They proposed the abandonment of the contributory system and the whole notion of insurance; anyone who could not get work would receive a full maintenance grant from the State, and the funds would be provided by a special tax or levy, falling in a graduated form on all incomes, whether derived from profits, salaries or wages. Whatever merits this scheme may have (and they are not trifling), it is obviously far too revolutionary for a Conservative Government to contemplate, and it would be waste of ink to reproach Mr. MacDonald and his friends for not adopting it. What we had hoped for was a measure that would be comprehensive, and that would substantially unify the several systems of dealing with able-bodied unemployment, particularly by cutting out the Poor Law, putting all the unemployed directly under a central authority, and removing the anomalies, the injustices and the indignities of the Means Test. How far are these hopes fulfilled, or likely to be fulfilled, by the new Bill?

Unemployment is made a national concern, under the charge of a central department, the Ministry of Labour. The Public Assistance Committees of the local authorities are to have no dealings either with "transitionals" or with any able-bodied applicants for relief—save in exceptional cases, which would be mainly those of really "bad hats," men who persistently broke the conditions or refused to maintain themselves, and also non-manual workers above the £250 income limit. Broadly speaking, then, it seems that we are at last to have what Mrs. Sidney Webb and her colleagues recommended in the famous Minority Report of the Royal Commission nearly twenty-four years ago, the elimination of the local Poor Law authorities and a national authority for all forms of provision for the unemployed. But there are very considerable qualifications to be made in the welcome we extend to this reform. The Bill maintains the distinction between "insurance" and "relief," and divides the unemployed into two main classes. The one will continue, as they do now, to draw their standard benefit as a right; the other will receive relief or assistance, as they do now, but under a new machinery. The Unemployment Insurance system is left pretty much as it was; rates of contribution and benefit remain the same. Nor is the scheme made, as it might have been, comprehensive by the bringing in of those sections of workers who are at present outside its scope. The Government has considered the inclusion of agricultural labourers, but it has not made up its mind; the new Statutory Committee, which is established in an advisory capacity to the Minister of Labour, is charged with the duty of making proposals on this head. If those proposals commend themselves to the Minister and to Parliament, we may have a Bill to carry them out.

There are, however, two enlargements. First, persons who have been in insurance for five years will be allowed to draw up to fifty-two weeks of benefit in a benefit year, instead of up to twenty-six, as at present. This should result in the transfer of a good number of "transitionals" to normal insurance status. Secondly, the age for entry into the scheme is lowered to fourteen. Boy and girl wage-earners under sixteen will pay 2d. a week contribution—and the employer and the State also will each pay 2*d*. They will not be entitled to draw benefit themselves before they are sixteen; but their parents may in this period draw dependants' allowances in respect of them. Besides this, all juveniles up to eighteen will normally be required, when out of a job, to attend instruction courses under the local education authorities. Both these provisions—the lowering of the entry age and the schooling for the young unemployed—are sound enough. On the other new feature in this part of the Bill—the Statutory Committee—we cannot at this stage pass any certain judgment. Its main function appears to be to watch and report on the solvency of the insurance scheme, and to recommend any changes (including changes in the rates of contributions or benefits and in the duration of benefits) that may seem good to it. Here there are obvious possibilities for advance or reaction; much will depend on the personnel of the Committee, on its views and on the weight it carries with the Minister, and also on how the approval of Parliament is to be secured to the carrying out of changes in the scheme.

Let us pass from lion to chimaera. The section of the unemployed who are outside insurance, either because they were never in it or because they have exhausted their right to benefit or are disqualified, will come under the central authority. But the central authority for these is only nominally, or in a remote way, the Ministry of Labour. They are not to be dealt with, as was recommended by the Minority Report of the Unemployment Insurance Commission, through the machinery of the Employment Exchanges, but by a new body, called the Unemployment Assistance Board. This Board will consist of not more than five persons, appointed by the Government. It will have a staff of local officials, who will take over from the Public Assistance Committees their present duties in regard to transitional payment and the general administration of out-relief to the able-bodied unemployed. They will have the help of Local Advisory Committees, which the Board may set up. These Committees will have no executive power. How exactly they will help, or how they will be composed, we do not yet know. Applicants will have a right of appeal from the officials (which they have not from the P.A.C.s) to another set of bodies—Local Appeals Tribunals, constituted very much like the Courts of Referees, and including one workers' representative among their three members. The Minister of Labour is to be responsible to Parliament for the general policy of the Board, whatever that may mean; and the regulations under which the Board and its officials are to work will be submitted at the outset to Parliament and discussed and approved by it. That done, the Board is to all intents and purposes independent. Its actions will not be interfered with by the Minister, and its decisions in

individual cases are not to be made the subject of parliamentary questions.

Now this plan, on the face of it, substitutes central for local control; it makes possible a far greater uniformity of administration; and it takes unemployment relief out of the arena of local party politics. For this, no doubt, there is much to be said. But it also appears to aim at taking the question out of the arena of national politics, which, even if practicable, may be less desirable. It is, at any rate, a new departure in democratic government to entrust such substantial and independent power, in a matter affecting the standard of life of the masses, to a bureaucratic body of this sort. On the other hand it is possible that the independence of the Unemployment Assistance Board may prove to be more circumscribed than it looks in the Bill. It may be that the Minister in laying down its "general policy" will exercise a close control over it. And it may be that the Regulations under which it will operate will be sufficiently detailed to keep its discretion within narrow limits. These Regulations will clearly be of the greatest importance, and there will, we may suppose, be a stiff fight over them in the House of Commons. They will presumably include standard or maximum scales of relief, as well as provisions relating to the Means Test. There is unhappily no likelihood of the Means Test being reduced to the simple and reasonable form which was recommended by the Minority of the Royal Commission, and which we have always advocated in these columns—an inquiry similar to that made under the Old Age Pensions Acts, and concerned only with the personal income of the applicant (or the joint income of a married couple) and not with the earnings of sons and daughters and sisters and cousins and aunts. The "resources of the household" will continue to be taken into account, though due allowance is to be made for the personal requirements of its members. This allowance, we hope, will be more generous than it has been in the past. At the same time a far greater degree of uniformity in the assessment of needs will have to be established if the Government want the Means Test to stink less in the nostrils of the people than it now does.

There are many other matters, including questions of finance, which we cannot discuss for the moment. One of the most important is the contribution to be exacted from the local authorities as the price of the relief to the rates that they will enjoy under the new scheme. This is at present in dispute between them and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. From what has been said it is evident that the Bill has good points and bad. Its most striking feature, the new Unemployment Assistance Board, is a highly dubious experiment. We do not suggest that this Board is designed as a method of putting a further screw on the poor. It may, and we hope will, be more generous (if the Treasury lets it!) as well as more efficient than the local Public Assistance authorities in dealing with the unemployed. The limitations to its power may prove adequate. If it should work tolerably well, a Labour Government might very easily use the machinery to carry out a Labour policy, while they are engaged in recasting the whole system of provision for the unemployed. If the Board is encouraged, or allowed, to operate in the Poor Law spirit, if new presbyter is old priest writ small, then the National Government will pay heavily for their experiment.

SOME LESSONS OF THE PANTER CASE

WITH the release and forced departure from Germany of Mr. Noel D. Panter, the Nazi Government of Germany considers the Panter case at an end. The rest of the world (apart from Italy, Hungary and other Fascist friends of Germany) will take a different view. British and other foreign correspondents in Germany in particular will certainly not be content that the affair should end here. Although not regularly of their number, as I was sent from Vienna to Munich to "cover" Panter's case for his own newspapers, the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Sunday Times*, I may perhaps be in a position to show how it affects these correspondents, and to underline some of the lessons of the case.

From the moment of his arrest, of course, there was no question but that Mr. Panter would be obliged to leave Germany on his release in the interests of his own safety. That he would do so, no one knew better than the Nazi Government of Bavaria, and the action of the Political Police in forcing him to give a written promise to that effect before releasing him was a piece of personal offensiveness towards him and a fresh threat to foreign newspapers and their correspondents in Germany. "Even if we cannot keep your correspondents, like our own journalists, in prison indefinitely without trial," it meant, "you will note the consequences of a correspondent writing things in a foreign newspaper which would not be permitted in our own. You will see that we can arrest him, keep him hidden for days from his Consul, and arrest and browbeat German journalists from whom he has obtained news in an endeavour to terrorise them into incriminating him. If we fail, we can still deprive you of your correspondent, him of his job unless you can find another for him, and can involve you in enormous expense. If, therefore, you dislike any of these consequences, you will do well to instruct your correspondents in Germany to consider themselves *gleichgeschaltet*, and to publish only the news to which we have no objection."

America was taught her lesson by the hounding out of Germany (by means of threats to his life) of Mr. Edgar Mowrer, *Chicago Daily News* correspondent and author of *Germany Puts The Clock Back*. Mr. Mowrer had actually to be guarded continually by two detectives during the last week he was in Berlin, so little central control is there over the terror gangs of S.A., each of which takes orders from its own personal leader and no one else. Both his case and that of Mr. Panter should prove illuminating to those who believe in the essential efficiency of a Fascist regime and the "leadership principle." The revelations which Mr. Panter intends to make concerning the 200 inmates of the political prison in the Ettstrasse, Munich, where he was confined will doubtless have appeared before this article and will have done still more to show the disunion in the Nazi camps, where a dozen different leaders are pulling at least half a dozen different ways. One result is that prominent Nazis who fall out with their particular chief are constantly—like the brother of the present Nazi burgomaster of Munich, one of Mr. Panter's fellow victims—disappearing, without trial or charge being brought, into the Ettstrasse and a score of other political prisons. The worst thing about the fate of these political prisoners in Germany is that they can apparently never come out, however innocent even from a Nazi standpoint, for, by the mere fact of being placed inside a Nazi Bastille by a Fascist *lettre de cachet*, they get to know too much concerning the scandals of these prisons ever to be allowed to come out.

This, of course, partly accounts for the stubborn resistance of the Nazis to the demand for Mr. Panter's immediate release—he knew too much, as, to their cost, the Nazis will by this time have learned. One of the biggest blunders in the long series which they made in connection with him was to put him among their own German political prisoners. Too late this was realised, when they found that after all they

would be unable to detain a British subject indefinitely without evidence. When realisation dawned, they confined him closely to his tiny cell for three days without exercise, to prevent his coming into contact with German prisoners, but this was (fortunately for the information of the world at large) too late. Mr. Panter had already acquired pretty full details about the Bavarian aristocrats, Nazi malcontents and foolish Austrian deserters to the Nazi paradise, who have spent months in the Nazi cells and are so despairing that they even asked Mr. Panter to tell the world the truth about their fate, regardless of the risk to themselves. I had myself many minor proofs of the muddle and maladroitness of the Nazi regime when I arrived at Munich the Saturday following Panter's arrest. The Consul-General had visited him the previous day and had obtained permission for him to receive and write letters. Yet when I brought a letter to the prison for him I was told: "He cannot have it before Monday, as over the week-end there will be no one here 'competent' (*zuständig*) to read it through." Yet the letter was typed, in German, and but five lines in length. A letter sent me by Panter from prison was delivered two days after his release—by express messenger. This and many other trivial stupidities were not, I am convinced, due to malice, but to the general muddle and inefficiency. To effect an arrest, however, there is always someone "incompetent" at any hour of the day or night.

No one who could have seen, as I did, Panter emerging from the prison at the Ettsrasse last Thursday mid-day, haggard, unkempt, unshaven, hollow-cheeked and, stout fighter as he fortunately is, temporarily a sheer bundle of nerves, could be content that the case should rest where it is. The Nazi threat in the press, disguised as an appeal to Panter to preserve peace by clearing out of Bavaria, quickly made it essential that he should be guarded, and I was one of those who gladly took on the responsibility of never letting him out of our sight. It was interesting to watch him until I had got him safely across the Swiss frontier and then seen him off to England, and to see how the look of the caged and hunted animal gradually left his face and he became a recognisably normal and very cheerful human being.

But Panter was only ten days in prison, received the visits of his Consul and one from his brother, was eventually allowed to read of the great fight which practically the entire London press was putting up for his liberty, a fight which the British Government could not have ignored had it wished to, as it obviously did not. What must be the condition, the daily sufferings, of the 200 other victims of the Ettstrasse Bastille, some of whom have not had the sky or the sun above their heads for eight months, who are without consciousness of offence and without hope? And the Ettstrasse Bastille is duplicated in every German city and town of any size. And beyond the Bastilles are the still worse horrors of the concentration camps, remote from populated areas, which, despite their constant record of prisoners "shot while attempting to escape," are still packed with inmates and receiving always more. (That a British news agency should recently have issued a statement that the concentration camps were "being emptied" is inexplicable.) For these victims there are no consular visits, no press campaigns, no insistence on charges being formulated.

In their press the Nazis accused Panter first of "treason to the country" under the celebrated paragraph 92 A of the German criminal code (revealing information which it was in the interests of the German Government to conceal from some other Government). Then they accused him of transmitting "atrocity stories." Finally, two days before his release, they described him as a "common spy" who had for years been using his "nominal" work as a journalist to cloak his espionage, and urged the British press to drop the unworthy defence of a contemptible spy, having finally to admit that the State Prosecutor could find no evidence on which to prosecute. It was a well-deserved humiliation for the fire-eaters in Munich, but no doubt they will find some satisfaction in taking it out of Joseph Ackermann, who was arrested and charged with supplying Panter with information. As an employee of the Telegrafen Union, the news agency whose service Mr. Panter paid for, it was Ackerman's duty to do so, but the fact that the State Prosecutor found there was no case against Panter will probably do little to help the man accused of supplying that information which the State Prosecutor has had to admit was harmless.

The result will, it is thought, be a further step towards the *Gleichschaltung* of the British press in Nazi interests. What German journalist will now dare to answer an inquiry for news from a British correspondent? I myself found in Munich that German newspaper men whom I had known well before drew away from me on this occasion as though, as a British journalist, I was a germ carrier. The head of one German news agency promptly told one foreign correspondent in Munich immediately after Panter's arrest that he could neither see him, answer inquiries on the telephone, nor give him any kind of information in future. I saw the letter of another German news agency to the British local representative of a British agency with which the former co-operated, forbidding him in any circumstances to enter the business offices of their concern, "as we frequently receive confidential instructions which are not for other eyes to see." That one can well believe.

What can be done about it? The Russians found one remedy—the expulsion of every German journalist because two Russian journalists only had been arrested in Leipzig. Mr. Panter is the second British journalist to be arrested and expelled. No German journalist, despite their constant anti-British reports, has been touched in London. No German newspaper has been prohibited in England although there is a long list of British newspapers excluded from Germany; I am told that even *Der Völkische Beobachter*, the chief propaganda organ of the Nazis, is still being sold in Piccadilly by a man in the foreign uniform of the Nazi movement. The paper, of course, preaches day in day out the overthrow of everything for which the British democratic constitution stands.

Any change in this respect is clearly not within the power of the individual to effect. Everyone, however, remembering Mr. Panter's experiences in Bavaria, is able to decide for himself whether he will choose just this country for winter sports, or whether he would not do better to remember the claims and charms of Austria, whose mountain districts the Bavarians hope to force into the Nazi fold this winter by starving them of their German winter sport visitors. I have just been through Tyrol, and the plight of the hotel industry there is really alarming, owing to the German boycott. And, still remembering Mr. Panter, there will no doubt be many persons who had intended visiting Oberammergau next year who will wonder whether the S.A. uniforms which the players have been forced to don are not perhaps a little out of keeping with the spirit of the Passion Play as it was before it was *gleichgeschaltet*.

G. E. R. GEDYE

Zurich, Sunday.

A LONDON DIARY

THE first result of East Fulham has been a declaration of blood-brotherhood by Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Baldwin and Sir John Simon. There is not to be any general election; national unity is essential. It is still the time for all good men to come to the help of the National Government. Viewing the stormy waters outside, the rats will not desert the sinking ship. They will man the pumps instead.

* * *

As I do not want to see another Labour Government until I am more sure than I am now that the Labour Party leadership is genuinely Socialist and ready with plans to meet the situation, I am personally glad to hear that there is not to be an early election. But East Fulham is a really satisfactory

portent. Anticipating the Conservative Party's inquest there I have been making some inquiries on my own. I have in front of me Mr. Wilmot's election address. It is a reasonable, not an emotional, appeal. It does not rely on blackguarding the other side, but argues in simple language the Socialist case that in a world of potential plenty Socialism is the only sensible policy. It also expresses an uncompromising view that the only security against war is the collective peace system. Mr. Wilmot's campaign was very largely fought on the peace issue. He devoted most of his time to expounding the case put forward in *The Dying Peace*—a pamphlet which was widely sold during the election. Locarno was scarcely mentioned, and Mr. Wilmot was as surprised as anyone to find himself extolled in a Beaverbrook paper for his attitude to Locarno and for his excellent replies on the "Congo Basin Treaty" (which neither he nor I have ever heard of). With the victor's laurels on his brow he went to Kilmarnock, where he at once informed the reporters that his victory was due to his peace policy. As if by magic the Conservative candidate's posters appealing for "national security," "support the Government which saved the country" etc., disappeared. Instead, streamers called upon the electors to vote for "the National Candidate who stands for peace." At Skipton, where he went next, he found that all the candidates, Conservative, Liberal and Labour alike, were first and foremost "peace" candidates!

* * *

Though so entirely unexpected, the tragic death of Frank Wise is not very surprising. He never spared mind or body. Forced to earn money as well as study at Cambridge, he did both, and contrived to be a very respectable athlete as well. In residence at Toynbee Hall he was a civil servant by day and a missionary for Trade Unionism at night. After a speech to some gathering of underpaid workers he would change into running shorts and race exuberantly about the crowded avenues of Whitechapel. The National Insurance Commission worked him hard and led him into characteristic attempts to do more than his job. He tried, for instance, to make the collection of contributions from employers and workers at the docks a means towards the decasualisation of dock labour. In his zeal for this reform he induced Mr. Lloyd George to visit the docks at daybreak to witness the "call-on." During the war his work became Herculean. First in the Contracts Department of the War Office and then at the Ministry of Food, to which he was transferred at the express request of Lord Rhondda, he worked with immense drive and daring; though his exuberance was checked at times by superiors or by the opposition of the interested and the timid, he usually got his way, if only because his tenacity out-wearied his opponents. In the series of European conferences after the war he was active enough to earn hostility in high places and to be called "tendentious" by Lord Curzon. The termination of Mr. Lloyd George's premiership was a factor in his decision to have done with the Civil Service. The forfeiture of his position and pension rights involved a very considerable risk to a husband and a father without private means. But Wise liked risks.

* * *

When he entered his new job with Centrosoyus and became a Labour politician he had the immense advantage, unusual with politicians and particularly important to the Labour Party, of having learnt to think administratively and constructively. He was one of the few politicians I've ever met who would not have suffered in office from a sense of inferiority in the presence of civil servants. He possessed that rare drive and rarer grasp of detail that are necessary if a Minister is to keep his measure in the shape he has first conceived it, while he forces it through the formative stages and ultimately through the House of Commons. Though he was not a natural orator and carried far too many blue books and memoranda on to the platform he was effective in the House, and in his work as Chairman of the Socialist League he was beginning, I think, to learn the art of speaking to popular audiences. He was not thin-skinned—an important point for a politician—and I have always felt sure that in a time of upheaval, his ambition, revolutionary zeal and constructive mind would have carried him to a position of leadership.

* * *

On September 29th there appeared the first issue of the new *Everyman*, a twopenny weekly edited by Major Yeats-Brown. After to-day's issue of the paper, Major Yeats-Brown ceases to be editor. I cannot say I am surprised. It has been an incredible paper; on the cover, within the red, white and blue border, pictures of Hitler, Sir Oswald Mosley, Mr. Lansbury, Dolfuss, Lloyd George, Greta Garbo, Starhemberg and Lord Beaverbrook; inside, an even quainter hotchpotch of crude Fascism, religion, football, odd stuff about constipation, the degeneracy of the race and the virtues of the Corporate State. The curious question is why Major Yeats-Brown was ever appointed. On the Board of the new *Everyman* and among its chief financial backers were a Christian internationalist, a Jewish internationalist, and a pacifist. Now Major Yeats-Brown is well known as a nationalist, an anti-pacifist, and a man with a tendency to write disparagingly of "Hittite noses." He is entirely sincere in his views, and naturally they found expression in his paper—to the grief, it may be assumed, of his Board. But why was not this foreseen? Sir Evelyn Wrench, who was chairman of the new *Everyman*, resigned last week; and it is rumoured that Sir Julien Cahn has acquired the control of the paper, which is said to have a larger circulation than the old *Everyman*, for no exorbitant sum. The name of the next editor has not been divulged, though there is talk of Mr. Eldon Moore, and I shall expect the paper now to revert to its former allegiance to the party of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

* * *

Lytton Strachey's new book has given the critics a chance to renew their campaign against him. The *Times Literary Supplement* has a review full of sly denigration, ending with a complaint against his "amazing self-sufficiency"; and Mr. Basil de Selincourt in the *Observer* heads his article "A Tonic Genius," and then writes as follows:

> Lytton Strachey, when he is not a critic, when his book drops from his hands, what is he? Little but a bundle of nerves, a dissatisfied, perverse, and fractious being, one who, because a certain struggle between feeling and intellect was a condition of his existence (his intellect won through heroically), seeks to impose the same struggle on common mortals and will despise us if we cannot keep three balls in the air, as he has learned to do.

What are these three balls? (The context affords no clue.) Does the sentence mean anything except that the reviewer is angry and dislikes Lytton Strachey's personality? Does Mr. de Selincourt mean that he was a good critic but a bad biographer? Or that he was a mere aesthete, with no integrated view of life, no philosophy and no humanity? Or that he was a remarkable writer but an unimpressive man? I do not know which hypothesis does least discredit to the critic's judgment. Lytton Strachey was one of the least dissatisfied, perverse and fractious characters that I have ever known. Indeed he had every reason to be happy. His nature was unusually affectionate, and he was adored by his friends. He had a taste for good pictures, fine editions, and, for that matter, good food; and he owned a country house where he enjoyed all of these. Indeed his capacity for enjoyment was extraordinary; and, when he was playing with you, a game of badminton or bowls or poker became ten times more amusing. And this temperament is reflected in his writings. When he demolishes, it is not fractiously but with gusto. He was dissatisfied only with the stupidity and bigotry which lead to unnecessary suffering, and only those who are shocked by his impatience with pretentiousness and conventional ideas can be blind to the generosity of nature which ran through both his writings and his life.

* * *

> . . . Misuses of the swastika are to end. . . . There were even playing cards on which portraits of Hitler and other leading German statesmen took the place of the usual kings and knaves.—*The European Herald.*

At the sherry party which followed the meeting—had the happy thought of having red crosses on all the food, even the little wooden sticks which speared the sausages being decorated with this emblem in red satin ribbon.—*Sunday Times.*

* * *

In the early part of last week there was a perfect spate of weddings and arrangements for future weddings. Coupled with the cheerful trade figures, and the knowledge that most of the war talk is nonsense, this seems quite fitting to the better times in which we live, or anyway, are hoping to live.—*Tatler.*

* * *

But experience shows that a certain measure of discipline is essential to the work of a University, and critics who find continence impossible can always come up to Hyde Park in the vacation.—*Observer* on the free-speech issue at Oxford.

CRITIC

THE RECORD

ON looking through a quite modern dictionary the other day, I found that the editors had refused to acknowledge that the word "record" can sometimes bear the meaning attributed to it in such phrases as "record time" and "record first-wicket stand." I believe it is true that for many years the *Times* never printed the word in this sense without carefully enclosing it in inverted commas, as though it were a vulgar intruder into the preserve of classical English. The very fact, however, that even people who never used the word without inverted commas were frequently compelled to use it showed that it was badly needed in the language. It was a useful abbreviation of a long phrase as "cab" was a useful abbreviation of a long word; and it was hall-marked as good English by the fact that everybody, from the cricket-loving bishop to the small punter on Epsom Downs, uttered it excitedly when a new record in a favourite sport was established.

The present age simply could not have got on without the word. Owing to the invention of speed-making devices unknown before the end of the nineteenth century, and to their continuous improvement, scarcely a month passes without a record's being broken and a new record's being made. A motorist flies like a bullet along Daytona Beach at a speed unapproached since the creation of the world. A few months later, another motorist follows him and travels still faster; and, even if he is faster only by a few seconds, the whole world applauds him. The aeroplane alone has, since its invention, set up hundreds of records—the first flight across the Channel, the first flight across the Atlantic, the first east-to-west flight across the Atlantic, the first solo flight across the Atlantic, the first flight to Australia, the fastest flight to Australia, the longest flight, the highest flight, the fastest flight in the race for the Schneider Cup, and scores of others. The balloonists again have begun to make records that bring the planets nearer, and the speed-boats, no doubt, are setting up records that will lead to the invention of speed-liners which will whisk us from Europe across to America between two sunsets. Even in the world of the old-fashioned steamship and railway-train the passion for record-making has been strong. Nation has done its best to wrest from nation what has been called the "blue ribbon of the Atlantic." A railway-company feels that it has done something worthy of an ode by Pindar when it enables one to travel from Swindon to London faster than any one has ever made the journey before. And every time a new record is made, a thrill of triumph is communicated from the newspapers to the blood of millions of readers. "Festina lente" is the motto of an all but dead philosophy. We insist upon our festination's becoming faster and faster. Why? Nobody knows.

There is always, of course, the excitement of the race. The great sport of modern times is the race of the present to beat the past—even the immediate past. We may not be able to produce wiser men than Socrates, but we can travel from London to Brighton at a pace of which Socrates was incapable. We may have no poets to compare with Shakespeare, but we can get to Paris many times as quickly as he. The past had its own genius, but we have ours. In this rivalry between the past and the present, I find my sympathies divided. For me the past is peopled with majestic beings, legendary figures, and I am not sure that I should like to see them reduced to life size, and made competitors with men whom you might see at a table in the Savoy grill. There is a certain pleasure, for example, in thinking of Samson as a strong man on a scale unknown in the world to-day. How the poetry would vanish from his story if one were told that some strong man appearing in a West-end music-hall had been proved to be a stronger man than Samson! We demand demigods, and, except for children, it is much easier to believe in demigods who belong to the past. Take actors, for example. No living actor can ever be the equal of Garrick or Edmund Kean in our imaginations. A great actor might appear to-morrow, but Garrick and Kean exercise a spell on us, not only as great actors but as legends. They are a part, not only of history, but of fiction. Sarah Bernhardt, Ellen Terry, Coquelin, Henry Irving, they, too, will be promoted in time into fiction: the process, indeed, is already happening. They were great, being alive; they will be greater, being remembered as myths of the past. Living in the real world, we must have an ideal world, and we must set it either in the past or in the future. As we know nothing about the future, most of us find it easier to set it in the past.

Some people may think that this worship of the past is a debilitating sentiment and that it is proof of a lack of self-confidence in the present. There is no evidence, however, that things have ever worked out in this way. Ancestor-worship has, as a rule, been a spur to descendants to emulate famous deeds. Cromwell's men did not lose their capacity for action because they looked on Moses and Joshua as heroes of a stature unattainable by themselves. The example of Plutarch's men has done more to inspire than to depress those who have studied Plutarch most piously during struggles for freedom. One is more likely to be incited to virtue by believing that the Knights of the Round Table were more than common men than by believing that they were men of a physique and character that could not have stood the pace and rough-and-tumble of a twentieth-century Rugby-football match. It is a strange fact that to disparage the past in comparison with the present is usually the mark of greater cynicism than to disparage the present in comparison with the past. Hector's contemporaries had every right to criticise him: now that he is a figure of the past, however, ennobled by Homer into a myth, who without a twist in his imagination could belittle him?

During the present summer we have been witnessing a competition between the present and the past on the English turf. The present has been impersonated by Gordon Richards, the jockey: the past by the shade of Fred Archer. Until the present year no English jockey had ever ridden so many winning mounts in a season as Fred Archer. This year it became obvious that Richards was going to beat Fred Archer's record, and a whole nation (millions of whom have never seen a horse-race) found itself excitedly following Richards's score, feeling that the world of to-day was about to triumph over the world of yesterday. Richards became our representative, our champion, in the race with the past. We desired his victory all the more because everybody who knew him praised not only his genius but his sportsmanship, his modesty and his industry. He had never, perhaps, impressed his personality on the general public as Steve Donoghue did some years ago; but as a record-breaker he was seen to be one of the greatest jockeys of all time. Nobody but a curmudgeon could have hoped that he would fail in proving his supreme genius by results. Yet I confess, pleasant through it is to see the triumph of contemporary genius, I cannot help feeling sorry for the shade of Fred Archer—sorry, too, that the world has been robbed of yet another legend.

At the same time it is no bad thing for the present age to have a few living legends to set beside the legends of the

ast. A few living legends we have, but they are mostly in spheres, such as aeronautics, in which the past does not compete as a rival. Previous generations have usually had their living legends in statesmanship, literature, and sport. The Victorian age had its living legends in Palmerston and Gladstone, Dickens and Tennyson and W. G. Grace. To-day, even the most enthusiastic boy cannot feel for any living statesman the reverence that even hard-hearted old men once felt for Gladstone. There are fine writers on earth, but none who, in legendary power, commands the world as did Dickens and Tennyson. In cricket, it is true, Hobbs is something of a legend, but not quite on the scale of W. G. Grace. Perhaps, with the triumph of Gordon Richards, the tide will turn. We may be on the eve of initiation into a new age of legendary figures with a little chap on horseback leading the procession. To-morrow a novelist may beat Dickens's record, and a statesman Gladstone's. We may yet see a greater actor than Irving and a greater comedian than Dan Leno. Do not therefore look on Richards's victory as a trifle. It may be the first peep of a world-illuminating dawn. Y. Y.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION

I've given my leisure for a space
To brooding over the Panter case,
  And I'll undertake the mission
Of reconciling the different versions
In a manner that casts no harsh aspersions
On a journalist of reputation,
Or the Government of that mighty nation
  That holds him in suspicion.
For Mr. Panter, it seems, denies
(And I find it hard to believe he lies)
That he trusted ought but his own two eyes—
  The evidence of his senses :
Yet what he saw could have no existence
In a State renowned for its loud insistence
  On its lack of all defences
And its hatred of all display of force ;
Whence I deduce, as a thing of course,
  That the key to this confusion
Is simply that all this grand parade,
Battalion, regiment, and brigade
Of goose-step marchers, with arms displayed
  Was an *optical illusion !*
And I hardly think that we dare refuse
The same excuse to the Reds and Jews,
Pressmen and Pacifists who accuse
  The Nazis of persecution.
We know, of course, that the tale's absurd
(We have Hitler's word, we have Göring's word !)
  Yet here is the true solution—
No doubt they *fancied* that they were whipped,
Interned, imprisoned, insulted, stripped,
  And plunged in degradation ;
They really *thought* that they starved and bled,
And some of them even believe they're dead—
But they only suffer, when all is said,
  From a sheer hallucination.

MACFLECKNOE

SEÑOR MARCH

THERE is likely to be a very pretty storm over the escape of Señor March from the prison in which the Spanish Government has kept him for seventeen months. The English reader who may never have heard of Señor March before may be interested to know why he has been in prison so long without trial, and why his imprisonment and escape with his warder's connivance are treated as such an important event. To understand the situation at all it should be remembered that Spanish politics has had in the past a very unsavoury reputation for corruption and that the last Cortes, passionately fighting for the Republic's good name, regarded the arrest of Señor March as a test case, a symbol of a new spirit in Spanish politics. To the average Spaniard it was sufficiently remarkable that any man with a private fortune estimated at two hundred million pesetas should be kept in prison at all.

Newspaper accounts have described the imprisonment of Señor March as one of the crimes of the Left Wing coalition government which preceded the short-lived administration of Señor Lerroux and the present one of Señor Domingo. But I have not seen any full account of the facts about March's career, or any examination of the charges which led to his imprisonment. Señor March, of course, denies these charges ; but without taking sides on controversial points, enough may be said about what is generally believed to explain why this elderly Majorcan ex-fisherman is a figure of such astonishing romance in modern Spain.

It appears fairly certain that Señor March is a pure and unadulterated idealist of the old brand, his ideal being Señor March. As he is, always has been, and intends to die, a law unto himself, he has not been found very amenable to the laws of his country. In the old days, of course, such slight matters could be arranged by means of a little ready tact. After the advent of the Republic Señor March became no fonder of the laws. It was not so much that he defied them ; he preferred more simply, as he had always done, to ignore them. He could, until then, certainly afford to—until the day when he fell so far from the pedestal of his self-esteem as to wish to help to make them. That appears to have been a tactical error.

In the days of the dictatorship the Moroccan Tobacco Monopoly was, of course, a fairly glittering prize. As a good friend of the dictator's and an acknowledged expert in matters appertaining to tobacco, it fell to Señor March. But with truly admirable discernment he proceeded to convert it into a far richer source of income than it had ever been before. His opponents state that he did this by the simple expedient of splitting his considerable personality in such a way that March, the famous contrabandist, found a ready market for his wares in March, the monopolist. He cornered tobacco, if this account is correct, band and contraband.

It is certain in any case that those who stood in his way, either in private or public affairs, developed a remarkable tendency to tire of life, or to seek fresh starts in foreign fields, such as the Americas. Documents in cases against him lost themselves ; judges found a change of air vitally necessary to their health. It was only when Señor March—leader of the March party—stepped into the forefront of politics as an elected deputy to the Cortes, that he seems to have overstepped the mark. His fellow deputies not only unkindly refused to let him take his seat, but turned him over instead to the Committee of Responsibilities of the House, which, after investigating the charges against him, committed him to prison to await trial for corruption, bribery, and another small matter connected with shooting. It is said to be because so many of the papers in his case have gone astray that his trial was so long postponed. The Madrid press which, with the exception of the *Heraldo*, *El Socialista*, and possibly one or two other journals, he now controls, does not appear to be an adequate substitute for the lost documents.

Let it not be thought for a moment that there is not enormous sympathy with Señor March among many of his countrymen. There is. He, after all, is the G.O.M. of contraband. Contraband is no less traditional than bull-fighting or Flamenco music. We who know our *Carmen* cannot help feeling too, that these three pillars of the Spanish picturesque have their charm. Among the many tourists' attractions that the wicked Republic, according to its critics, is attempting to liquidate, are bull-fighting and Señor March. The music is fortunately preserved on gramophone records.

The old lion has been caged, and now that he is free again his suggestion that the young Republic would find it difficult to curb him seems likely to be fulfilled. A serious issue is at

stake. It was realised from the beginning that if his power were broken the country would have a clear proof that the good old days of contraband were drawing to a close, and that, for the first time for many years, Spain possessed leaders to whom personal honour, party discipline, and the welfare of the nation were more precious than self-enrichment. That she does possess such leaders is clearly proven. Names like those of Azaña, Prieto, Caballero, prove it. But will they be given a chance? For these are names associated with a new order of thinking to which the traditionalists are not taking kindly. Those who were not shocked by the fact that more than 50 per cent. of the population is still illiterate will not be impressed by the fact that the Republic has founded nine thousand new schools. Those who state complacently that the starvation-line wages of the Andalusian labourer are not really so bad because "he can live on next to nothing" will not be the first to decry the romantic delights of a contrabandist's Gilbertian activities.

But there is the new spirit in Spain. Those who share it look with justifiable confidence to the progressive awakening of the national conscience, although they do not delude themselves as to the magnitude of their task. C. H.

Correspondence

THE DYING PEACE

SIR,—The authors of that outspoken pamphlet, *The Dying Peace*, recently published by THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, assert (on page 35) that the States Members of the League of Nations "have undertaken to submit to international judgment the question whether a State is acting in self-defence or guilty of aggression." Again (on page 44), they say that the basis of the Covenant, the Paris Pact and the other treaties which together make up the world's collective peace system, "is the obligation to submit to third-party judgment on what constitutes aggression or resort to war." Unfortunately, as it seems to me, the authors are mistaken in their reading of the Covenant. Since, however, their view is widely shared, it seems well to look further into the matter.

When two members of the League are at issue *and decide* to refer their dispute to arbitration or to the Court, under Article 13 of the Covenant, they are pledged, under Article 13(4), to carry out the award or the decision. If their dispute is likely to lead to a rupture and they do not submit it to arbitration or to judicial settlement under Article 13, they are pledged to submit it to the Council or the Assembly under Article 15. If this does not lead to a settlement "the Council (or the Assembly) either unanimously or by a majority vote shall make and publish a report containing a statement of the facts of the dispute and the recommendations which are deemed just and proper in regard thereto." But even if the Council, or the Assembly, is unanimous (except for the parties to the dispute) *neither the disputing parties nor the other members of the League are bound to accept the international verdict* either in regard to the "facts of the dispute" (including the question whether there has been aggression or resort to war) or in regard to the "recommendations which are deemed just and proper in regard thereto."

The Committee of Eleven, appointed by the Council in January, 1930, tried to get Article 15(6) amended so as to read:

> If the report by the Council is unanimously agreed to by the members thereof, other than the representatives of one or more of the parties to the dispute, the members of the League agree that they will comply with the recommendations of the report. If the Council's recommendation is not carried out, the Council shall propose suitable measures to give it effect.

The amendment was not, however, made, and what the First Committee of the 1930 Assembly called "the original principles established by the Covenant" still stand.

No doubt the fact that many countries have signed and ratified the Optional Clause and the General Act makes a difference. Suppose, for example, that State A, having ratified the Optional Clause, is aggrieved by the refusal of State B (which has also ratified) to come to its rescue (under Article X) as against the alleged aggression of State C. State A might hale State B before the Court and ask for a ruling. The first question would be whether the Court was competent to interpret the Covenant. On the assumption that it was, it would still be open to the Court to decide that the question whether aggression had taken place or not, and therefore whether the occasion had arisen for State B to fulfil its obligations under Article 10, was a question which State B was free to decide for itself.

No, whatever the "basis" or "spirit" of the Covenant may be, the regrettable fact is that under that instrument nations still retain the right to act as judges as well as advocates in their own causes. But if the resourceful authors of *The Dying Peace* can show that this is a mistaken view, no one will be better pleased than MAXWELL GARNETT

15 Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1.

THE INTERNATIONALISATION OF CIVIL AVIATION

SIR,—Air-Commodore Chamier complains that, in replying to his article, I did not deal with the technical difficulties he raised in the way of internationalisation of civil air transport: I "merely hazarded the opinion," he says, that such internationalisation is practicable. I am sorry if I did not make myself plain. The opinion I "hazarded" was that "if there were the will, it would be perfectly feasible to complete the scheme for this, on the basis of what has been worked out already, *within a few months*." Internationalisation is perfectly "practicable" if the human beings concerned, especially in the Governments, have the perception, and therefore the will, to put it through and to master such technical difficulties as the Commodore notes. The problem is not even an enormously big one, so far as Europe is concerned, if it is tackled quickly; for the numbers of air transport planes and the capital invested are still small, and the Governments, by means of subsidies, have a compelling hold over the international air lines in Europe, and even over the prices of shares which depend on these subsidies being continued. Technical problems, such as those your correspondent referred to, about equitable distribution of orders, standardisation of parts, etc., are being disposed of every year by international combines; they are difficult, of course (as I said in my article), especially since they are needlessly magnified by nationalist prejudices and vested interests, of course they will not be solved in a moment, but the way in which they can be solved has been indicated in the proposals of the French Government and others, some of which were referred to in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of December 17th last.

Air-Commodore Chamier cites, as evidence of the impracticability of internationalisation, Sir Arthur Salter's book on Allied Shipping Control. It deals not with internationalisation, but with "co-ordinating, and not replacing, the national departments which directed the respective mercantile marines." It is a classic demonstration not only of the difficulties but also of the practicability of such an enterprise. Sir Arthur Salter (now on his way to China) would, I think, be amused to find himself cited as a witness on Air-Commodore Chamier's side in this matter. He has strongly urged "internationalisation or full control of civil air transport," and the dropping of the British Government's reservation about bombing (*e.g.*, *Times*, June 2nd, 1933); and on the day on which my article appeared an article of his in the *News-Chronicle* emphasised, exactly as I did, the importance of agreeing now on abolition of all naval and military aircraft within a fixed period. The other witness cited by the Commodore is equally "unsound" from the Commodore's standpoint. M. Tardieu, chauvinist though he is, has the distinction of being the first responsible Government spokesman to submit proposals for internationalisation of civil air transport.

Air-Commodore Chamier asks me, "What will prevent the use of aeroplanes in war," if war comes? I reply that the main purpose of disarmament is to reduce to a minimum the danger of war coming rather than to cut snippets off it after it has begun; and one purpose of internationalisation of civil aviation is to reduce to a minimum the danger of its abuse for military purposes. There would remain some danger that the internationalised planes might be commandeered: and I pointed out that that danger could be reduced in two ways—by the "perilous expedient" of creating a small international force of interceptor planes, and/or by developing a new loyalty, a new recognition of our shared responsibility for man's inheritance. Has the Commodore any better methods to suggest?

He maintains that "air forces"—just air forces, unspecified—"will encourage peace." I commend to the unfailing MacFlecknoe

the idea of British manufacturers of bombing aircraft "encouraging peace" simultaneously in Bolivia and Paraguay. He says "The fact that the air brings war home to all of us (though not, we hope, to our homes) must surely exert a steadying influence," I commend to the cartoonists of *Simplicissimus* the picture of French air forces "exerting a steadying influence" on the Nazi authorities in Munich, and on the editor of the *Daily Mail* the picture of Japanese air forces "bringing war home to all of us" in "Manchukuo." Surely the Secretary of the Air League, of all people in the world, need not look back to *si vis pacem, para bellum* for a motto: looking around him, in a world with Seven Great Powers, he must notice that "Britannia rules the Air" is not a practicable objective nor even an attractive dream. May I offer him, as a better slogan, "Aviation for World Service"?

W. ARNOLD FORSTER

SIR,—Two arguments only were brought last week by Air-Commodore Chamier against the proposal to internationalise civil aviation and to abolish air forces.

In the first place he says that a nation which has broken the Covenant will not stick at the lesser crime of commandeering international aircraft. The answer is simple. Very many people who are insensitive to violations of the Covenant in distant countries would be stimulated to demand that their Government would implement the Covenant if their property—aircraft and airways being the property of men and women all over the world—were seized. The internationalising of aviation is not (and never was) put forward as a substitute for the Covenant, but as a means of strengthening it—as part of the whole system of world law and order. It is time everyone realised that this is the twentieth century and that there have been certain advances in applied science, with the consequence that *there is no effective defence except collective defence*. One result of transferring aviation to world ownership would be to make collective defence a reality by (*a*) making the use of diplomatic and economic sanctions *safe* (and therefore almost certainly sufficient) against even a Great Power guilty of aggression, and (*b*) giving to world authority a *non-military world police*—to be used against an aggressor if nothing less than force will work.

The internationalising of civil aviation will not make aggression *impossible* (perhaps nothing can do that) but will make aggression *nearly impossible*. Who dares to say that that is not worth doing?

Air-Commodore Chamier's second point is that it is risky to do without "defensive" air forces which, he claims, (*a*) "protect our shipping," and (*b*) "confine attacks." It is time that the public realised that this is, quite possibly, a dangerous misconception.

The first claim is somewhat damaged by the testimony of both Sir Arthur Salter (in *Allied Shipping Control*) and certain naval experts (in letters to the *Times* during this summer) that the convoy system, not aircraft, is the chief means of protecting shipping. Aircraft are of use in defending a coast against naval bombardment, but are much more use in *attacking* ships (as the case of the Dutch cruiser *Zeven Provincien* showed very clearly)—and, of course, especially in attacking merchant shipping.

(*b*) Air forces for defence may not be simply ineffective (General Ashmore claims no more than that 14 per cent. of the aircraft raiding London in 1918 were brought down), but an additional menace, since they can be used more easily by the aggressors to defend their attacking bombers than by the defenders to defend a city. Some aviation experts tell us that in another war—if we let another war happen—the aggressor will send over, by daylight, not only a vast force of bombers or civil planes, but also numbers of "defence" or "interceptor" planes, flying at the top of their ceiling and swooping down on the defenders as they rise. The bombers then come in waves. . . .

At this moment, when our unfortunate Government is being harassed by the "Big Air Force" lobby, the public ought to be warned that they may be in danger not only from national civil aviation, but from national air forces as well. In order to make aero-chemical aggression as difficult as possible, it is imperatively necessary both to internationalise civil aviation and to abolish air forces.

JONATHAN GRIFFIN

Essential News, 65 Portland Place, W.1.

OXFORD AND FREE SPEECH

SIR,—When I heard of the banning of the Oxford October Club I remembered what *was* countenanced by the authorities in my undergraduate years shortly after the war.

Drunkenness, wanton destruction (amounting on occasions to more than £100 in one evening), the shouting of obscenities in streets, cinemas and theatres, brutal "ragging" of the few cultured or Socialistic undergraduates, contemptible snobbishness—these things were overlooked by authorities anxious to preserve a social system which can be maintained only by violence. Yet, as soon as students become interested in things that matter, are anxious to stop war, criticise the O.T.C., we see what happens.

Now I know that Oxford is not completely rotten, that the courage and intelligence of a growing number of students are incurring the displeasure of these authorities I am no longer ashamed to sign myself—

AN OXFORD GRADUATE

SIR,—I suggest it is time that public attention was directed to recent events at the Universities. The attitude taken up by many of the authorities on questions relating to pacifism leaves no doubt that they are at one with the present Government in fostering a spirit of militant jingoism in the youth of our generation. The spirited opposition of large sections of students to this tendency demands the support of every section of the community if it is to triumph. Some of the developments should be made clear.

The latest clash at Oxford has been given some publicity by the press. There, the Anti-War Society was banned for an attack on the O.T.C., which was held to be a University "Institution" and, presumably, above criticism. A meeting arranged to protest against this restriction of student freedom was, in its turn, banned. The meeting was finally held under the auspices of the Federation of Student Societies in the teeth of the Proctors' opposition, and a large number of names were taken. Further developments may be expected.

Turning to London University the same temper is evident. At East London College, the new regime under the new principal, Brig.-Gen. Sir Fredk. Maurice, is heralded by a new censorship of anti-war contributions to the magazine. At University College, the Anti-War Committee has been banned on the grounds that it is propagandist. The O.T.C. here continues to flourish and is supported by several members of the staff. At the Polytechnic, Lord Hailsham has been eloquent in extolling the virtues of the Territorials with the tacit support of the authorities. The magazine is censored and edited to strike a similar note.

Last year at Bristol, a wreath was laid on the University War Memorial bearing the inscription: "To the dead of all nations, victims of a war they did not make, from those who are pledged to fight against all such crimes of Imperialism." That wreath was removed by the Vice-Chancellor; but the inscription it carried has been and will be echoed in unequivocal declarations by student bodies throughout the country.

Every class in the community is called upon to stand by the students in their ideological and practical struggle against war propaganda and preparations in the Universities.

JOHN S. MATHER

SIR,—During Mosley's Oxford meeting on November 2nd, some members of the University protested. They were immediately attacked by a number of Blackshirts. Some were held and struck in the face, though they offered no resistance. Others were knocked to the floor, beaten and kicked, and then rushed out of the hall. Outside they were thrown, in one case "bumped," down the stone steps, to be hit as they staggered into the street by another Fascist waiting in readiness.

During this display of Fascist tactics, four police constables, presumably posted to preserve order, merely stood and looked on, though they could see everything which occurred on the steps; they did not even attempt to prevent the Blackshirt at the entrance from hitting those who had been thrown out. Though asked to take action they refused to do so.

There was evidently a tacit agreement between police and Fascists. Is there a similar collaboration in other districts?

Magdalen College, Oxford G. KEMP MCGOWAN
J. W. B. DOUGLAS

HOW THE UNEMPLOYED LIVE

SIR,—The letter in your last issue is almost brutally truthful, and should stir authority to activity. But will it? Authority has a way of hiding behind somebody else's dictum, and so getting away with it. The official doctors assure us that schoolchildren to-day show little evidence of malnutrition. But how do they know? They are, quite often, office folk, out of touch with the people who are feeling the pinch. They do not, like your correspondent, go and see and hear for themselves.

I went into a school clinic the other day, and had a chat with the Assistant Medical Officer (not the boss official doctor!) who does the actual work. She told me that it is very difficult to say just exactly how matters stand; but for long enough she had noticed that children, not very well, did not get better. Colds, bronchitis, sore eyes and noses, running ears, did not clear up. In other words, the children were physically under the weather. Mark you, that means more than insufficient and inadequate food. Insufficient and inadequate clothing, shoes, firing also play a part.

Recently I had two women in one of my hospital wards; both suffering from slow starvation. One recovered, after blood transfusion. The other improved, went out, relapsed and died. Both had starved themselves that their men and their children might have a little more.

There are people who assert that working-class mothers don't know how to feed their children. Up to a point that is true. Catering in the back streets is chaotic—as it is in a good many front streets! Such cheap and highly useful foods as dried peas, beans, lentils are seldom seen; and when met they are served in a thoroughly unappetising form, more often than not. Children in back streets are just as faddy about their food as children elsewhere, and if they don't get what they like they go without (*vide* the Camden Town mother). In these parts "a piece" is popular; so is "a fish." Often I have met a child running down a back street happily sucking a very sour orange, quite oblivious of a biting east wind; just as I have seen children buying ice-cream from a barrow in a snowstorm. The back street child is an odd creature!

What should be done? The reply is obvious. "Feed them." There is an overwhelming case to be made in favour of reopening dinner centres. Children can be fed, communally, very well for very little. Those centres will be opened just so soon as ordinary kindly people, laughing at authority which professes to know, but apparently doesn't, demand them.

What of the grown ups? Many of them are doing without one meal a day. That is bad. But do you know what is worse? Cold! How many who read this realise what winter may mean without sufficient firing, and with blankets from which all the "nature" has been washed? FRANK G. LAYTON

Walsall.

PAVLOV AND HIS DOGS

SIR,—I thank Mr. Mellersh for the courtesy of his reply to my letter. I gather that he does not deny the literal accuracy of Mr. Shaw's description of Pavlov's "twenty-five years of devoted research, during which he cut out the brains of innumerable dogs and observed their spittle by making holes in their cheeks for them to salivate through." He says that to deny the literal accuracy of this satiric summary would imply a "complete lack of a sense of humour"; I suggest that it would also imply the possession of a fine effrontery. My protest was not against Mr. Mellersh's estimate of the value of Pavlov's work, but against smug complacency. The obvious intention of his article was to persuade readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION that Pavlov's results were all obtained by kindness, "and *all* this from making dogs' mouths water." Whether what Mr. Mellersh now describes as "the most nauseating passages" occupy "fifty-seven" or "nearly a hundred" pages of Pavlov's book simply does not matter. The point is that a great deal of scientific knowledge is purchased, and possibly has to be purchased, at a great price. Mr. Mellersh admits that Pavlov's dogs "are indeed martyrs." To demonstrate that fact was the purpose of my letter. How many of Hill's candles the scientific game is worth is a matter of individual opinion. HARRY ROBERTS

Oakshott Hanger, Hawkley, Liss, Hants.

THE PACIFIST'S DILEMMA

SIR,—Mr. F. M. Hardie opens up interesting issues when he advocates mass resistance, based on the working-class movement and organised internationally, to frustrate war as soon as a war-like situation arises. Since I have been in the working-class movement in Wales and in London all my adult life, may I offer a few observations?

What justification is there for the assumption that the whole working-class movement or any substantial section of it will be opposed in all circumstances to war? It may be recalled that workers choked the recruiting offices in August, 1914, and slept on the pavements all night to ensure enlistment in the morning.

Has Mr. Hardie forgotten that the miners and ironworkers of Merthyr handed over the late Mr. Keir Hardie's seat to the warlike Mr. Stanton? One thing can be predicted with confidence: vast numbers of the younger unemployed would volunteer for the forces.

A general strike call would be countered by B.B.C. appeals (perhaps hourly) to the relatives of these men, and of those previously serving, not to continue in a course that would endanger their lives. (May I, in parenthesis, ask what other uses will be made of the B.B.C. in the next war? Perhaps Col. Dawnay will tell us.) Add to this the fact that the patriotic impulse is stronger than class feeling, and figure how long a general strike would last, assuming that it could begin.

With regard to international organisation, does Mr. Hardie think that the French workers as a whole would down tools if the Germans began to march or, more probably, to rain bombs and poison gas from the air?

The call to the German workers to stop the war by industrial action is unlikely to be authoritatively and effectively uttered. If it were it would not be heard, for Hitler controls the radio, the newspapers, the cinemas—all means of communication. Nor are the Italian workers under Mussolini in any better case.

I write as a pacifist. There are no limits to which I would not go to prevent another war. But if we are to stave off that dreadful disaster, much clear thinking and revising of old ideas are necessary, as Mr. Gerald Gould urged in his admirable article.

Highgate. IRENE STEVENSON, J.P.

SIR,—One cannot help sympathising with the attitude of pacifists like Mr. Hardie. Nevertheless, it is rather unfortunate that this attitude is a direct encouragement to the militarists in Germany, Japan and other countries.

The pacifist argument, if carried to its logical conclusion, means that the world will be dominated by the militarists and this, in its turn, will inevitably mean war. Pacifists, are in fact, precipitating the very state of affairs that they wish to avoid.

We cannot have a permanent peace unless we are prepared to fight for it. G. N. L. COOKE

"The Homestead,"
15 Davenant Road, Oxford.

[We have been obliged to hold over a large number of letters on this subject.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

THE WHITE FEATHERS

SIR,—The famous Oxford Union resolution of last February has now passed into history. The unconditional refusal to fight which it contained was derided at the time as unpatriotic, and is now attacked as impracticable, owing to the danger of war in Europe, and to the obligations of this country under the Locarno agreement.

The White Feathers, however, who came into existence as a result of the resolution, still maintain that war of any kind, whether aggressive, defensive or preventive, must be prevented. The world suffers no less, whatever banner the armies fight under. The White Feathers stand for complete non-resistance. Apart from moral and economic considerations, military defence against attack has become so difficult that all "defensive" forces—aircraft and warships—are practically powerless to defend the country, and can do nothing in case of war but retaliate on the enemy. It is not, however, much consolation, when one's family is dying from poison gas and one's home is burning, to know that similar disasters are overtaking the inhabitants of Paris or Berlin.

Complete, and if necessary, unilateral disarmament is what we demand, and it is gratifying to know that the canvassing of the Society of Friends throughout the country has revealed that in demanding it we are not in such a discouraging minority as our opponents would make out. The White Feathers are enthusiastic young people from all walks of life, and may be recognised by the white feather badge they wear. They are always anxious to meet sympathisers, and the badge is intended to assist that end.

55 Ladbroke Road, W.11. ELEANOR HUNTER

THE REICHSTAG FIRES

SIR,—As my name and address will indicate to all enjoying an elementary knowledge of the good old Teuton mythology, I have always taken a special interest in FIRE.

I regard consequently of paramount importance the question of whether the arson of the Reichstag was the signal for a revolutionary outbreak, or, as has been alleged, was merely due to a subtle, if somewhat intensive, form of electioneering.

In this connection I observe that according to the *Times* of

October 14th the night-porter of the Reichstag swore that a *Deputy whose presence in the building had not been notified to him* left at about 10 p.m., when the fire was at its height.

According to the *Times*, neither the name nor the party of the Deputy who left at 10 p.m. was stated in Court, and according to the *Manchester Guardian* no questions on this score were asked either by the Court or anyone else.

According to the latest copy of the German Code of Evidence and Procedure by virtue of Rule of Evidence No. 1 there exists in law an irrebuttable presumption to the effect that no member of the Nazi Party can be guilty of any complicity in the Reichstag fire.

History, however, may not necessarily be bound by that presumption, and I personally prefer the investigation of hypotheses to the swallowing of presumptions. Besides, the mysterious Deputy may quite well have belonged to the National, Social-Democrat, Liberal, Centre or Communist parties—in favour of whose members *no* such presumption of innocence exists.

I consequently feel impelled to offer a *reward of one guinea* to any person or persons who can give the best and most reliable information on the following points:

(*a*) The full name and address of the Deputy in question (or alternatively his description) and the political party to which he belonged.

(*b*) Why his presence in the building had not been notified to the night-porter.

(*c*) Whether evidence of his identity and political connections has been received by the Court in camera.

(*d*) Whether any proof had been taken of the evidence of the night-porter prior to his giving evidence, and if so by whom?—and whether the witness had been given instructions not to mention any names; or whether, on the other hand, his evidence on this score came as a surprise to all concerned.

(*e*) Why (i) the learned President of the Court, (ii) the learned advocates for the Defence, (iii) the Public Prosecutor refrained from a full cross examination or examination of the witness on this score—particularly in view of the fact that the gravamen of the charge against the Defendant Torgler was that he was the last person seen to leave the Reichstag.

The reward is open to the world, and whether or not the winner came by his information in an official or unofficial way is no concern of mine.

Special invitations to apply for the reward are consequently extended to the night-porter himself, the learned judges of the Supreme Court of Leipzig, Deputies of the Reichstag irrespective of party, all persons *engaged on official business in the building* at or shortly before the time of the fire, and generally all officials of the Reich from the most august personages down to the humblest. I should perhaps add that this offer is made quite independently of the International Committee of Inquiry into the Reichstag Fire, and without their knowledge or complicity.

Valhalla. LOKI
(Teuton God of Fire)

WINDMILLS

SIR,—The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings is publishing a series of books on Windmills. It is the intention of the Society to include in the next volume, references to Windmills in literature. I should be grateful for assistance in collecting material for this Windmill Anthology. Letters should be addressed to: The Windmill Secretary, The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, 20 Buckingham Street, London, W.C.2.

The Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, H. M. B. LLOYD
20 Buckingham Street, Adelphi, W.C.2.

[We should like to add that we have received an urgent appeal from Rev. Conrad Noel, Vicar of Thaxted, Essex, for support towards saving the famous Thaxted Windmill from destruction.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

MATTHEW ARNOLD AND MR. DAVID GARNETT

SIR,—Everyone who loves letters is in Mr. Garnett's debt. And his defence of Lytton Strachey (not that L. S. needs defence) is moving and decisive. But, just as L. S. misjudged Thomas Arnold of Rugby and saw but half the truth about his nature and work, so Mr. Garnett seems blind to one side of Matthew, and that the deeper side. The poems disclose it. Not least, I think, the last six lines of the second sonnet "To a Republican Friend, 1848."

> Nor will that day dawn at a human nod
> When, bursting through the network superposed
> By selfish occupation—plot and plan,
> Lust, avarice, envy—liberated man,
> All difference with his fellow-mortal closed,
> Shall be left standing face to face with God.

But I suspect that I need something which Mr. Garnett wants us to go without. MICHAEL E. SADLER

The Master's Lodgings,
University College, Oxford.

Miscellany

SIR JOHN REITH

THEY say he is austere, a fanatical Puritan, in awe of hell, yet suspecting Heaven: they say that his aloofness shows strength and character, but also that it is the defence of a timid Philistine: to some he seems a shrewd fighter; to others a weak, blustering neurotic. Some say at least he is honest, others regard him as an uncompromising opportunist. But they really know nothing at all about him.

All they know for certain is that he is forty-four, a son of the Scottish Church, educated at Holt, an engineer by long apprenticeship, scarred in the war and at thirty-three accounted Ambition's darling by his deliberate decision to make broadcasting a profession. An administrator and a technician he was among the first to realise the potentialities of wireless: its direction is now in his hands by virtue of his own foresight and tenacity, not because anyone thought him a suitable arbiter of public taste.

We may, of course, learn something from his public appearances. From Low you see him, a great black tower of a man, one eye burning fiercely, one a little scared, mouth moulded in a cynical No. His smile is so rare and so lovely that the humanity it discovers seems a mirage. As for his words, inconsistent philosophy and unsound sociology jostle in his throat. Did he once make a scornful jest of democracy and brand the average Briton an enfeebled moron? In the next sentence he expresses complete satisfaction at the spectacle of England's glorious future in charge of these poor sons.

There is not much to learn that way. Impossible to pilfer opinions from his intimates. He has no intimates and few friends. Futile to pump his staff. They do not know him, nor he them.

But by their works ye shall know them. Look then at the British Broadcasting Corporation. Two factors have gone to its making: experiment and discipline. Experiment there has been in plenty, in administration, in personnel, in programme building. The director-general must often have had the profitable experience of watching others burn their fingers. His own he does not burn. He is a master of the methods of indirect rule. Discipline there is for all who work for the Corporation; discipline in long hours, in anonymity, in unrecognised and unrewarded effort. For the director-general, it is said, does not believe in praise; blame is his chosen incentive.

Consider some of his experiments—Broadcasting House, for instance. Himself no lover of the arts, as the mixed oak and mahogany of his own room shows, he yet consented to the erection of a modern building (not too modern) to carvings (Gill, not Epstein), to decorations studiously functional. Or look at his staff. Gifted amateurs, many of them, chosen autocratically. First-class ability is not encouraged and is apt to leave the Corporation. Or reflect on the programmes. Bawdy vaudeville and bowdlerised talks. The director-general prefers dance music, but the best classical and contemporary compositions find adequate place. The director-general is not himself an educated man, but he believes in the medicinal effect of education and so he sponsors an educational programme arranged by those who have received the benison of Oxford

or Cambridge. A cultural dictatorship, some say. But, however tolerant or liberal the Talks are, and however generously the director-general dispenses progressive thought in art, science and philosophy with his left hand, with his right he is tied to the *status quo*.

The news he broadcasts is a mere strip of conventional information, taking its facts from news agencies, and its emphasis from authority. The B.B.C. has no politics, only, as Winston Churchill said, "pontifical, anonymous mugwumpery."

Think, too, of the discipline. Principles are mere instruments for our chastening. Those unpleasant didactic Sunday programmes. From time to time the world hears of internal incidents and learns how virtuous life must be at Broadcasting House: no vices; no drinking, no gambling, no divorcing.

These, then, are some facts about the organisation which is a model for the rest of the world. It has grown from experiment to strength and from strength to authority, as they said when they gave the director-general an honorary degree. He may well be proud of his work. Make no mistake, it is his work. We owe it to Sir John Reith that the B.B.C. is free from commercialism and that it has idealistic standards: it might so easily have become the puppet of particular interests, or the mere reflection of the chance desires of the majority. For ten years he has built himself a road to travel along. No man of iron, but supreme in the art of effective compromise. For ten years he has ignored public opinion, moulded it, informed it. Has his time come to assess it and direct it? That would require a great man and the Director-General is scarcely a great man. The creature he has fashioned is great and powerful and he rides on its back.

SOME UNPOPULAR OPINIONS

HAVING been very restrained for a long time and having carefully withheld my own opinions on certain matters out of consideration for the nerves of harassed music-lovers, I am on this occasion going to express very moderately a few remarks which I fear will not meet with much approval.

First, about the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. I begin to suspect that there is something about the atmosphere of Broadcasting House that is not conducive to artistic activity, for how else can we explain the disappointment which the performances of Dr. Adrian Boult and his orchestra this season have caused us? When the B.B.C. formed their permanent symphony orchestra, they had the pick of our orchestral players to choose from, since they were able to offer them security and better terms than any other institution. If we consider the members of the orchestra individually we have every reason to expect the highest results. The leaders are in all departments sound and competent players, fit members of a first-class orchestra. Such musicians as Arthur Catterall, Bernard Shore, Lauri Kennedy, Eugene Cruft, Archie Camden and Aubrey Brain—to name only a few of the most obvious—are not to be bettered in this country at any rate. Dr. Adrian Boult has also in the past proved that he is a sound musician and an able conductor. Then what is the reason that the performances so far this season have been very poor, so bad indeed—if we judge this orchestra as we must do, by serious standards—as to justify completely the most severe of Mr. Ernest Newman's diatribes? In this matter we have to make comparisons because it is not by an ideal standard that we ordinarily measure the performance of musicians but by our experience of what can be and is actually achieved. We are, therefore, entitled to compare the playing of the B.B.C. orchestra with that of others, and if we compare its playing this season with that of the London Philharmonic Orchestra we shall have to admit that it is considerably inferior. The B.B.C. orchestra seems to have settled down into a routine style of playing which is heavy-handed, coarse, inelastic, completely lacking in sparkle, polish and buoyancy. The same may be said of the interpretations of its conductor. Now, what is the cause of this? Personally, I am inclined to think that it may be largely the result of overwork. Without access to any inside knowledge, but judging solely from observations, I have come to the conclusion that the B.B.C. expects and exacts too much from its employees. It has been very lucky in the past in having attracted many brilliantly gifted and active persons into its personnel, but something seems to happen to them after a time. It is as if a weight were laid not only on their shoulders but on their heads, and a gloom descends upon them which gives me the feeling of a Scotch Sunday, the sort of Scotch Sunday which might a hundred years or more ago have driven a completely sober Robert Burns to drink. Anyhow, Dr. Boult and his orchestra are quite serious; one cannot accuse them of frivolity, the sort of frivolity which used to spoil our orchestras; but seriousness is not enough and it may be even more destructive than frivolity.

My second object of attack is Sibelius. I am led to this by having listened to a great deal of Sibelius's music in polite and sympathetic attention during the past year or two, but with an ever-deepening conviction that those of my colleagues who seem to wax more enthusiastic with every performance of his music have gone quite off their heads. The last to whom this has happened is that clever young musical critic Mr. Edward Crankshaw, who has written in the current number of the *Bookman* (which is now brilliantly edited by Mr. Hugh Ross Williamson, and is an excellent literary monthly instead of a rag-bag of publisher's advertisements) such an eulogy of Sibelius that I blushed to read it. I blushed twice, once in the sacred cause of music and once as a critic. Mr. Crankshaw trembles with ecstasy at the sound of Sibelius; he says that just as he is glad he was not born before Beethoven or Mozart he is glad he was not born before Sibelius. I, too, am glad that I was not born before Sibelius, but for a different reason. However, Mr. Crankshaw has the majority of musicians to-day on his side and the majority is not always wrong. It is well, however, that the voice of the minority should be heard also and that their opinions should be considered. I wonder what the minority thought after hearing Sir Thomas Beecham's brilliant performance of Sibelius's *Tapiola* at the last Philharmonic concert. For myself I thought: well, Sir Thomas, with the instinct of genius, has knocked the bottom out of this neo-Beethoven and by playing his music without any reservations has exposed it finally for what it is, namely, neo-Grieg. How these "monotonous twangings on the harp of Ossian"—as I have called them elsewhere—could ever have been mistaken for the profound musical creations of another Beethoven, would pass comprehension were it an entirely new phenomenon. But these misplaced enthusiasms are common phenomena in the history of any one of the arts. We only have to look up in the first edition of Grove and read what was written about the now almost forgotten Sterndale Bennett to find rhapsodies as enthusiastic and claims as extravagant as those made for Sibelius by Mr. Crankshaw and others.

And now to come to my third and, for the time being, my last point of disagreement with current opinion. We have had the opportunity of hearing lately two violinists of great reputation: Carl Flesch and Adolf Busch. I consider Busch has a greatly overrated reputation in this country. He is, of course, a fine violinist and a serious artist, but he lacks breadth, spontaneity and a natural ease of style; his tone is thin and often scratchy, his playing is careful and inclined to be niggling in conception and he has not a great deal of vitality, so that he is often dull. Flesch, on the other hand, has the natural ease of style of a born violinist. He is sixty years of age and probably no longer at his best, but his playing of the Beethoven Concerto the other night at the B.B.C. Symphony Concert, was as good as anybody could wish. If one is looking for the finest exponent of the classical school of violin playing, here we have it in Flesch, not in Busch. Listening to Flesch we realise once again that the violin is the most beautiful of all instruments; but not only are we delighted by the purity of tone and the impeccable intonation of this masterly violinist

we also get from him a ripeness and maturity of musical conception which no other violinist, in my experience, has. Others may be more brilliant or more seductive—Huberman and Kreisler, for example—but none is more mature, grander or more satisfying. And now having produced these three unpopular opinions, I hope I have not irritated my musical readers more than is good for them. W. J. TURNER

A DINNER

DINNER was ready. Here was the soup. It was a plain gravy soup. There was nothing to stir the fancy in that. Next came beef with its attendant greens and potatoes—a homely trinity, suggesting cattle in a muddy market, and women with string bags on Monday morning. Prunes and custard followed. Biscuits and cheese came next, and here the water-jug was liberally passed round, for it is the nature of biscuits to be dry, and these were biscuits to the core. That was all. The meal was over. JACQUELINE STIVEN (*aetat* 14)

PLAYS AND PICTURES

The Film Society

Pudovkin's *Deserter* was shown to the Society on Sunday. Two years apparently were spent in its production and it raised hopes which for most of those who saw it must have been disappointed. The impassioned speeches, of which there are many, were all of course spoken in Russian and missed their effect. The satire of the bourgeois, the hosannas of the happy Communists, made an even cruder pattern than usual, and the whole film lacked the dramatic force and simplicity of Pudovkin's silent films, *Mother* and *The End of St. Petersburg*. There are, however, magnificent photographs of the Hamburg docks, some excellent strike scenes, and a few good heads of workers. Pudovkin's use of sound—particularly the rhythms of riveting and the different notes of hooters—is interesting, though not either as novel or as stimulating as his pronouncements in the press have suggested. The programme included also a cartoon film by a Hungarian, Szegedi Züts. Some of the mechanised movements of jazz animals and a few abstract effects were good, but the humour was limited and the continuity muddled.

"As You Like It"

Courage and some pains have gone to the presentation of *As You Like It* at the Phoenix Theatre. Messrs. Maurice Colbourne and Barry Jones have studiously pruned—"barbered" is their own whimsical word—the text so that little of what is pleasant and essential is missing, and they have gathered an excellent supporting company headed by Miss Fabia Drake and Mr. Randle Ayrton. These two, it must be confessed, carry rather too much of the play on their shoulders. Somehow neither Orlando nor Jaques seems ever to achieve the magnitude on the stage which the parts suggest in the reading, but both are clearly capable of greater significance than they are allotted in this production. Mr. Colbourne's Orlando is high-spirited and ingenuous, but tends at times to listen entranced to the sound of his own words. Mr. Jones is badly off the target with his Jaques, reminding one irresistibly of an amiable don who has consented to join a hiking party. Miss Drake is, of course, charming as Rosalind, and incidentally shows a remarkable improvement on her form at the Stratford Festival this year. But she still exhibits a weakness for underlining her situations by facial gesture, which conveys a rather tiresome archness. Mr. Ayrton as Touchstone is really superb—a wealth of experience reinforcing a quiet simplicity of delivery which is altogether delicious. A very pleasant surprise is the eager sincerity of Mr. Stephen Haggard as Silvius—it was refreshing to see the part remade, without a hint of buffoonery.

War or Peace?

The Pavilion News Theatre (Shaftesbury Avenue) is showing an Armistice film which ought to be shown all over the country. Margaret Storm Jameson, Lady Oxford, Maud Royden and Madeleine Carroll all make very short, simple, and effective speeches against war. Madeleine Carroll's appeal is perhaps the most moving, and it is not easy to forget a description of the effects of poison gas spoken with such sincerity and in so lovely a voice. The accompanying shots of war scenes are skilfully managed, and Mr. Beverley Nichols introduces and concludes the film with admirable force and wit.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, November 11th—
- Dr. Richard Winner on "Some Problems of Modern Democracy," Mary Ward Settlement, Tavistock Place, 3 and 5.
- "Night Club Queen," Playhouse.
- "The Terror," Lyceum Theatre.

SUNDAY, November 12th—
- Delisle Burns, "Social Classes and Standards," Conway Hall, 11.
- Tetrazzini, Albert Hall, 3.
- "General Line" and "War is Hell," Forum Cinema, Villiers Street, Strand, 6 and 8.30.
- Mrs. Hettie Barber on "Can Workers Control?" Willoughby Hall, 1 Willoughby Road, Hampstead, 7.30.

MONDAY, November 13th—
- Public Works, Roads and Transport Exhibition, Agricultural Hall.
- Anti-war Exhibition, St. Andrew's Hall, Cambridge, 2.30—8. Open until November 18th.
- Gerald Barry on "Politics," City Literary Institute, Goldsmith Street, Drury Lane, 7.30.
- "The Brontës of Haworth Parsonage," Embassy Theatre.

TUESDAY, November 14th—
- International Poultry Show, Crystal Palace.
- Prof. Roman Dyboski on "Relations of Poland and Soviet Russia," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- C. E. M. Joad on "What Survives?" Conway Hall, 7.
- Mass Meeting on "Should Married Women Earn?" Speeches by Lady Astor, Major Attlee, Miss Rebecca West, and others, Central Hall, Westminster, 8.
- Frederic Towndrow on "Modern Architecture," Morley College, 8.
- Dr. Neurath on "Pictorial Statistics for Housing and Town Planning," London School of Hygiene, Keppel Street, 8.45.

WEDNESDAY, November 15th—
- Prof. J. Macmurray on "Philosophy in Relation to Dialectical Materialism," London School of Hygiene, Keppel Street, 8.15.

THURSDAY, November 16th—
- Prof. G. E. G. Catlin (just returned from Leipzig) on "Disarmament and Democracy," Essex Hall, 7.
- Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
- Philip Noel Baker on "The British Commonwealth and World Affairs," Kingsway Hall, 8.30.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

LONG before I had an opportunity of visiting the country, an intelligent woman introduced me to America and to Americans, and before the intoxication of that cocktail had evaporated she sent me a large quarto volume and commanded me to read it. It was *The Education of Henry Adams*, and certainly the most absorbing and important autobiography I have ever read, a book which reveals a continent as well as a man and which, for long after he has read it, goes on throwing fresh complexions upon the reader's own flow of thought like a film of oil rainbowing upon the surface of a river. The first value of the book lies in the mere impact of the author's mind, and for an Englishman, whose mind could never be moving even distantly in a parallel direction, the impact is terrific. What is the clue to this difference; for when that is solved one will be on the threshold of understanding something positive about Americans, who, by Englishmen at least, are almost universally believed to be easily explained by the performance of simple subtraction sums. According to their theory an American is an Englishman who doesn't know, or do, or feel; who hasn't learnt . . . whatever it may be.

> They haven't got no noses,
> The fallen sons of Eve;
> Even the smell of roses
> Is not what they supposes,
> And goodness only knowses
> The Noselessness of Man.

The attitude of Chesterton's dog Quoodle exactly sums up what the ordinary English Man on a golf course thinks of his opposite number in America, and it is almost impossible for an Englishman wholly to avoid this view. Indeed, many of such negative propositions are true, but the important truths for the Englishman to learn are those which explain in what directions the American mind has struck out for itself, and what it has added to the English model.

* * *

The setting of Henry Adams's life, and many of the facts which he omitted from *The Education*, are given us in a most interesting but very short biography of *Henry Adams* by James Truslow Adams (Routledge, 10*s.* 6*d.*). The author, by the way, is a member of a totally distinct family. Henry's great-grandfather, John Adams, was a member of the Continental Congress, President of the United States, and Commissioner to negotiate peace with England. His son, John Quincy, also President, was the first United States Ambassador to England, and negotiated peace in 1813. His son, Charles Francis, was Lincoln's Ambassador to England throughout the extremely difficult period of the Civil War, and his son Henry began life as his private secretary. In that position English society was open to him, and when his father had surmounted the difficulties of the *Trent* affair and won his victory over the question of the rams building in Liverpool, he became extremely popular, "a sort of American Peer of the Realm." Henry's first exercise in the great world was to gauge the characters of Palmerston and Lord John Russell, a task which he found somewhat beyond him. The descriptions of England and famous Englishmen is fascinating, particularly the account of John Bright, who "loathed the whole fabric of sham religion, sham loyalty, sham aristocracy and sham socialism." In later years, in 1880, when Lowell was Ambassador, Adams brought Bright, then a Cabinet Minister, to dinner and Bright delivered a superb denunciation of the English Bench, ending with:

> "For two hundred years the judges of England sat on the Bench, condemning to the penalty of death every man, woman and child who stole property to the value of five shillings; and, during all that time, not one Judge ever remonstrated against the law. We English are a nation of brutes, and ought to be exterminated to the last man."
>
> Adams said to Lowell that Bright was very fine. "Yes," replied Lowell, "but too violent!" Precisely this was the point that Adams doubted. Bright knew his Englishmen better than Lowell did—better than England did. He knew what amount of violence in language was necessary to drive an idea into a Lancashire or Yorkshire head. He knew that no violence was enough to affect a Somersetshire or Wiltshire peasant. . . .

* * *

But the temptation to treat the Education as a mine of anecdote must be resisted: the light it throws on history and on other men is subsidiary in importance to that which it casts on Adams himself. England did little for his development. "The sum of these experiences in 1863 left the conviction that eccentricity was weakness. The young American who should adopt English thought was lost." And of life with the Milnes Gaskells at Wenlock Abbey he says:

> A few years of it were likely to complete his education and fit him to act a fairly useful part in life as an Englishman, an ecclesiastic and a contemporary of Chaucer.

The seasons of New England had affected him far more:

> The chief charm of New England was harshness of contrasts and extremes of sensibility—a cold that froze the blood and a heat that boiled it—so that the pleasure of hating—oneself if no better victim offered—was not its rarest amusement. . . . Winter and summer, then, were two hostile lives and bred two separate natures. Winter was always the effort to live; summer was tropical license. . . . The bearing of the two seasons in the education of Henry Adams was no fancy; it was the most decisive force he ever knew.

If the years in England did not assist the development of his mind, they hindered his chance of playing an active part in American politics. A heritage which in England would have led to a seat in the House if not in the Cabinet, was a hindrance in America, and on his return he took to journalism and became Professor of History at Harvard. Adams omitted the entire period of his marriage from *The Education*, so that Mr. Truslow Adams's account of that happy period is very illuminating. Its most useful feature is a full bibliography at the end. Adams wrote two novels, one of which *Democracy*, published anonymously, had considerable success in England and sold 14,000 copies.

* * *

It was as a historian that Adams achieved his greatest distinction; a historian who was not content to keep to his province of the past:

> More and more he felt the need of bringing history into some sort of relation with the other sciences, of interpreting its data in terms of motion, direction, attraction, relation, of bringing the isolated facts into some kind of interpretive and predicable unity.

"The historian's business was to follow the track of energy," and the dynamos at the Chicago exposition in 1893 furnished a symbol of one kind of force, the Virgin at Chartres of another and distinct kind. How was he to relate them? And with this problem he wrote: *Mont-St.-Michel and Chartres*, as a starting point for his theory of history which should make an attempt to predict the path man had to travel. Before 1895 he was writing in a letter: "Our civilisation has failed to concentrate further. Its next great effort may succeed, but it is more likely to be one of disintegration with Russia for the eccentric on one side and America on the other," while he fixed the date of the new phase in history as 1917!

* * *

Adams's mind seems very alien to an Englishman—it works indeed in a contrary direction. For Adams starts always with a particular instance of something like a dynamo which he has observed and which puzzles him, and he worries over it until he has found an "explanation" in the most general and abstract terms. Only then is he satisfied. But this abstract proposition, this generalisation triumphantly propounded, is void of content to our English minds until we are furnished with a concrete illustration of the theory. Once we have proved that sample to our satisfaction we are prepared to accept a generalisation deduced from it. That is, I think, the great difference between the American and the English mind. The American explains the concrete by the abstract—the Englishman the abstract by the concrete.

DAVID GARNETT

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CAPTAIN PATCH

MR. PATCH, a journeyman tailor, who lived in his own hired house, No. 6 Cherry Street, Weyminster, looked up as well as down. In the dreams of his imagination his thoughts mounted high. He rose to glory, he commanded, and he was obeyed. In his other and ordinary life he worked industriously with needle and thread, with scissors and beeswax, with tape and machine.

As long as he had lived at Weyminster one shop had employed Mr. Patch. His simple, honest face could do no one harm. To give him work was a surety that the work would be completed to everyone's satisfaction. This work was to repair, mend, clean and press naval uniforms. Laurence Sterne tells of a young lady who gave herself to the delights of love through the darning of a pair of gentleman's breeches. And so, who can be surprised that Mr. Patch found the glory of gold lace and blue cloth too much for him?

He dreamed of a splendid life, of walking the quarter-deck, of drinking rich wine with distinguished guests, of gazing thoughtfully at Adam's Peak, or at the photographs of young and splendid women in his state cabin.

Mr. Patch hated the sea. He was of the same opinion as Saint John the Divine, that there would be no sea in heaven. He disliked the sea so much that he would never look at it if he could avoid doing so. He always walked in the back streets to avoid seeing the sea. If there were the least wind he would creep along beside the houses for fear of being blown over. The very thought of going in a boat would make him sick. And yet, here was Mr. Patch, in day-dreams and night-dreams, giving stern commands to lieutenants even more determined to do their duty than he was himself. Here was Mr. Patch facing, without the least trepidation or change of countenance, waves as high as mountains, through which the great ship dived like a porpoise. Here he was, ordering a large town to be shelled to little pieces, and that only because the Mayor did not show a proper respect to the flag.

But the other Mr. Patch, who lived within these mad dreams, asked but little for himself in the way of grandeur. He liked his meals properly laid out, and so he wished to marry a housemaid. He wanted a child or two, to walk out with his wife and himself upon a Sunday in the direction of the green fields, there to watch the cows for a little, and return to Cherry Street, contented and hungry.

Everyone had a good word to say for Mr. Patch, and, except in his own excited imagination, he was the gentlest man alive.

Did he happen to get into the way of a child playing at ball he would apologise most humbly. He was afraid of the young women, as every wise man is here upon earth; and did any girl say a word out of place in his hearing he would bid her good-bye for ever. No one was better made than Mr. Patch for the pleasant happiness of a life-long monotony; such contentedness he would show and such modest joy, were he married to a woman that he loved.

But alas! away went such blessedness when he entered his workroom to take up a uniform to mend. Then the wildest glory of greatness came upon him, that coloured all his hours, and made his heart beat with pride and courage.

For a long while Mr. Patch bore his dreams in silence; the smoke was there but the fire had not come.

One day he broke the bonds. He had just completed a few necessary repairs upon a captain's uniform that had come from the shop with a request for very careful workmanship.

It was a fine morning in May when Mr. Patch finished the work, and the sun had painted all the town with blue and yellow. The fleet was in port, and Mr. Patch, with trembling hands, put on the captain's uniform.

He looked at himself in the glass. What pride, what glory, did he view! What child of four putting on a new party-frock could have been so delighted! Mr. Patch was triumphant; his old self of the needle and thread was gone; he was a new man. He assumed at once the part of a captain with the greatest ease. He stepped up and down the room most finely. He took a pair of kid gloves in his left hand, and walked out by the back door into the street.

Once in the street, he took the nearest turning to the esplanade; to view the sea was proper in his new style of being. There he walked with a determined stride, as though he had trod always upon washed boards. From one end to the other he went with the utmost assurance. Many sailors were on shore, and every one of them saluted respectfully.

Mr. Patch became intoxicated with joy. It was then that a foolish idea came to him to get nearer the sea, which, in the madness of his pride, appeared now to be his natural element. The tide was low; descending the steps, he walked in the same superior manner upon the wet sands.

Now and again he looked calmly at the sea, and sometimes nodded, as if to say that he had spent all his life upon its surly or smiling waters.

And then an unfortunate thing happened.

A cruiser was practising speed tests in the bay. During one of these tests the wash of the ship caused a large wave to run shorewards.

Captain Patch never saw it coming. Indeed, had the wave been as high as a mountain, he would have given no heed to it, until, as happened now, he was covered with salt water.

Mr. Patch retired in deep dudgeon, and for a while his grand dreams were over. . . .

All high things—honesty, goodness, and integrity—are easy to lay. A few drops of disturbing rain, a little sickness, will sweep them away completely, they will be as though they never had been, and the man will be as others are, full of fret and trouble, making the few years of his misery a lasting contempt. But folly and pride belong to continuity. Put them deep in the earth, up they rise in a moment, always ready to show a knavish light, to debase the goodness of an honest man.

For some reason the shop that employed Mr. Patch forgot to ask for the officer's suit, it might have been that the captain, who had since become an admiral, had not troubled to send for it, so that the uniform which had been so sadly splashed by the salt water, and so well cleaned by Mr. Patch, was never enquired for. To whom then did it belong if not to Captain Patch?

To dress himself once more in all the splendour of high rank was now his constant wish, and might he not walk along the front again?

But he feared the sea, which, he thought, knew him for a cheat, and to walk upon the esplanade with the waves so near to him "appeared likely," thought Mr. Patch, "to lead to another disappointment." How could he be sure that a larger wave might not come? It was unlikely that his uniform would save him from drowning. But was there no other path to show his grandeur?

One morning when on his way to take some clothes to the shop, Mr. Patch passed a taxi-cab. Inside the cab there was a naval officer in uniform—a captain. He sat in the car, in distinguished silence, his lips tightly pressed together. Did he wave his hand it would be to salute the king.

Though a moment before Mr. Patch was thinking that a nurserymaid would be very suitable for a wife, if the housemaids were coy, now, only a real lady—born of a county family, with all that a lady can be attached to her person—would do for him.

His mind soared high; a fine thought that opened out a world of honour came into his head. All country people, he knew, acknowledge and bow to greatness. He remembered how he had once seen a tenant of Lord Bullman pull his forelock and make a low congé when his landlord condescended to speak to him. With his uniform upon him, what lord could be greater than Captain Patch? He would save his money until he amassed five pounds, then he would hire a cab and drive to a country inn.

He chose Madder, far in the country and ten miles from Weyminster. No one there would know that His Majesty's officers do not usually go about in uniform. "And, of course," thought Mr. Patch, "they have no need to show their finery, for the fox knew the ass in the lion's skin by his voice."

As soon as the five pounds were saved, Captain Patch walked hurriedly to within twenty yards of the naval landing-place near to the pier, and then, after retiring for a few moments out of sight, appeared suddenly again as if he had just come up the steps from a motor-boat, and shouted for a cab.

In half an hour he drove into the inn-yard of the "Soldier's Return" at Madder.

There he was welcomed in a proper manner, for he called at once for the best the house could give. Soon Shepherd Poose came in with his crook in his hand, in order to see who it was who had driven in so grandly. The captain bid him drink.

Where one bumble-bee finds honey others will come. In a little while the house was full.

The captain sat at the head of the table. He had put the money that he had to spend in his left-hand pocket; in his right was the fare for the cab.

As soon as the company were merry, the captain began to tell his stories.

They were not of women, for Captain Patch had the greatest respect for all girls, and no tale that was in the least unseemly ever passed his lips. The usual tavern lies in carnal matters he never told, but he lied splendidly of the sea. He told of the ships that he had commanded, of the distance his guns would carry, and how certain their aim. He told of the enormous waves he had seen, of sea-serpents a mile long, and other terrible monsters of the deep. Of islands that rose up suddenly out of the waters, and of mermaids that, with his own eyes, he had seen swimming, upon moonlight nights, around the ship.

Captain Patch stopped suddenly in the middle of a story; his left-hand pocket was empty. He called the driver in a hurry, and departed in a blaze of white light.

There is no glory like the glory of illusion. A fine actor is more than his part; he is Truth itself. When a thing really is itself—as far as we can call it so—a dullness envelopes it, a sameness. Then, as reality is there, the thing is but an ordinary matter—a picture in a great book, that is passed over and forgotten. To play Lear is a fine thing, but to be Lear is a very different matter. The cruel sisters would be careful women, Kent a tavern boaster, and poor Tom a beneficed clergyman.

At Madder Inn Captain Patch acted his part without a mistake. He arrived suddenly and vanished in a moment. He never visited Madder without money in his pocket.

When the car approached Madder a kind of telepathy happened. Everyone knew that the captain was come. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the house was full. In less time than it takes to speak of it, the church bells were rung, and old Mr. Johnson who, whatever time you called, was asleep in his chair, woke with a start and hurried to the inn. When the drink was on the table the landlord made a speech in praise of Captain Patch.

One of the captain's visits to Madder chanced to happen when a young lady was staying in the village. Her name was Miss Straw, and she was wont to hire a Madder cottage for a month in the summer. She was a very genteel young person, the daughter—as she modestly told the post-mistress—of a Suffolk squire.

Miss Straw was known to be rich, for she paid for all she bought, and even gave away money to old people and to children! That she was a lady all might know by the way she held her little velvet bag when she went to church, and by the care with which she watched the sweeping of her room.

Captain Patch was making his fourth visit to Madder when Miss Straw happened to sprain her ankle, as she climbed into the Weyminster road over a stile. She had walked that way by the footpath.

Captain Patch—full of gallantry as every sailor should be—stopped the car and offered her a lift. No two people could have got on better, nor could have had more to say to one another. She loved the sea and all seafaring ways, while the captain showed a vast interest in fox-hunting, a noble sport that she said she indulged in.

As soon as the car reached the Madder Green, the church bells rang a wedding peal. The lady blushed—she liked those sounds—and she invited Captain Patch into her cottage.

Was ever a village so gulled? Mr. Johnson, who was woken up, returned to his chair in a very ill-humour. Not a drop of drink was given away that evening. The captain remained at Miss Straw's cottage until midnight, and then drove soberly home. . . .

A wedding at Madder is often a fine treat, for when the parties have money it's a feast day for all, and so when the captain married Miss Straw everyone thought that the good times of his visits were come again.

There was no need upon that joyful day that the wedding-bells should wake old Johnson from his slumbers. He roused himself in joyful expectation, and waited at the inn door at six o'clock in the morning. . . .

Half an hour is a short space of time and when, dotted with coloured paper, Captain and Mrs. Patch stepped into the car, the good man knew that, those short thirty minutes over, his lovely bride must know him as a rogue, a liar and a knave.

He had made the little house in Cherry Street as comfortable as his means would allow. There were china dogs over the mantelpiece, good linen, suitable furniture, and a new cooking-stove, but how could such mean things please a fox-hunting lady from Suffolk?

They had but gone a little way when the lady sighed.

"Will the sea be very rough when we go on board your ship to-night, dear?" she asked.

Captain Patch shook his head.

"Perhaps we will stay on shore for a little," he replied warily.

Mrs. Patch sighed gratefully.

"You won't wish to ride hunting every day?" he asked, timidly.

"I would much rather not," she said boldly, "but need I ever go to sea?"

"Oh, no," he cried fervently, "never, if I can help it."

"You have given it up?" she exclaimed, happily.

"Oh, yes," he said. "I live on shore now—I do needlework."

"And I love housework," she cried.

They began to understand one another.

"I have always been a housemaid," she said.

He kissed her thankfully.

"I am Mr. Patch, tailor," he observed proudly.

And that same night the captain's uniform was kicked into the dustbin.

T. F. Powys

MACMILLAN

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MACMILLAN

PUSSY CATS

Engato. By J. H. Driberg. *Routledge.* 3s. 6d.

Lions, Wild and Friendly. By E. F. V. Wells. *Cassell.* 8s. 6d.

The Jungle in Sunlight and Shadow. By F. W. Champion. *Chatto and Windus.* 21s.

The authors of these three books have a common purpose: they are concerned for the defence of wild beasts, Mr. Driberg and Mr. Wells for the lion, Mr. Champion for the animals of the Indian jungle in general and for the tiger in particular. Mr. Driberg has presented his case in a story, a tragi-comedy, with Engato, a lion-cub, as the hero. Mr. Wells has presented his in the form of a series of reminiscent essays, intelligent and charming, based upon years of experience with countless wild and tamed lions, backing it all up with many photographs that are both impressive and beautiful. The evidence in the case for the lion is brief, and, in the true sense of the word, witty. Mr. Champion, for the tiger and the rest of the jungle criminals, is less brief and witty, but more pugnacious and forceful. Mr. Driberg and Mr. Wells will charm the jury, convincing them with a truth that is not only beautiful, but also comic. Mr. Champion will not only impress the jury, which is really the public, but will also upset them by his sincerely aggressive and provocative methods and evidence. There is no doubt that after the case is over many furious gentlemen with experience of Indian life, of which they retain collections of tiger and leopard skins as pleasant memories, will write to the press and Mr. Champion deriding him as a fool and a sentimentalist, just as a great many big-game hunters will scorn as fairy tales the stories of tame lions behaving like spinsters' cats, giving bloodthirsty chapters and verse from their own hunting experiences in order to re-establish the lion, which is after all the British national emblem, as the holy terror all sportsmen know him to be.

Engato, indeed, is almost a fairy tale, and Mr. Driberg, though decrying it, has appropriately dedicated the book to a child. It would have been still more appropriate if he had dedicated it to all children, and he could ask for no greater honour than that his book should take a permanent place on the shelves of all nurseries. *Engato* is simply the story of the finding of the lion-cub, "so small that it could lie comfortably in the palm of my hand"; its upbringing, suckled on goat's milk taken from the teat, the development of its silly, amiable, charming, affectionate character, and its final surrender to the zoological curator who prepared to defend his life with a ruler on seeing it led into his office like a pet dog. This is the mere outline of *Engato;* but behind it all lies the eternal story of man's affection for the wild creature he has tamed and reared with his own hand and the equally eternal but perhaps even more touching story of the tamed animal's affection for man. "I almost wished that day," says Mr. Driberg, as he surrendered Engato, "that I had never found him." The words are touching, but the look in Engato's eyes will not bear analysis. *Engato* is something more than a mere "animal book"; and as a writer Mr. Driberg hardly needs an introduction to readers of this paper.

In *Lions, Wild and Friendly*, Mr. Wells really tells the story of Engato over and over again. It has been his hobby for some years to do purposely what Mr. Driberg did by chance: to take lion-cubs from the wild and rear them by hand. If there were any doubt about the truth of *Engato* it would be dispelled by Mr. Wells' book. Page by page the two authors check and confirm each other's experiences. Once a "sportsman," Mr. Wells has long since sacrificed the gun for the camera, and the reader will see for himself the profits by the exchange in the thirty-odd close-ups of lions, both wild and tame, young and old, that Mr. Wells has slipped in between his stories. The book has perhaps a more direct purpose than *Engato*. One is inclined at moments to regard Engato as an exception, a freak, a bit of an angel among lions, but Mr. Wells produces cub after cub that has behaved with him exactly as Engato behaved with Mr. Driberg. His experiences with wild lions are more impressive still. He records that "wishing to make a big lion stand up, I gave him a flick on the nose with the black paper off the film pack. His complete indifference was amusing; he merely shook his head, looked around and took no further notice." Indeed, as one reads, the impression increases that Daniel gained an easy immortality. Mr. Wells puts the case for the lion in clear and unaffected prose, charming one into sympathy. It would be almost an insult to him not to read his book side by side with *Engato*.

Mr. Champion, appropriately named, strides into court with a downright and uncompromising attitude which may very we set the jury against him, and plunges straight into the ca without humbug.

"This book is neither a treatise on big-game hunting; nor work after the style of the unwritten masterpiece . . . 'Ou Dumb Friends—How to Kill, Skin, and Stuff Them'; nor a attack of a crank on the so-called blood-sports . . . It is a attempt to give a genuine picture of life in the jungle as it reall is—eager, happy, contented throbbing life, with but occasion moments of passing fear and unhappiness. It is a reply to tho sportsmen, authors, film-makers and others who will persist referring to the supposed 'terrors' of the jungle."

This, though in more forceful language, is precisely the gi of Mr. Wells' book; and Mr. Champion sets out to do not c for the tiger but for the leopard and a dozen other creatures v Mr. Wells and Mr. Driberg have done for the lion. He wr exactly like an irate and impassioned defending counsel. H facts, the result of years of experience as officer of the Imperia Forest Service of India, are overwhelming; the very titles o his chapters are rhetorical challenges thrown into the face "the self-styled lord of creation, *Homo sapiens*." He writes i that blunt, crude, passionately sincere style with which Hudso used to express his most righteous indignation. The extent of knowledge and love of wild life is boundless. But the n remarkable feature of his book is its photographs. The tiger, l leopard, the ratel, the pangolin, the wild-cat, the elephant, app here in all their native glory; they have even, at times, tak their own portraits, victims of Mr. Champion's ingenious automat camera-trap. These alone would make the book worth-while but the text must delight all those who in turn delight in the study of wild things.

H. E. Bates

THE DIARY OF AN OBSCURE PERSON

Julia Newberry's Diary. With an Introduction by Clemence Dane. *Selwyn and Blount.* 6s.

Diaries are interesting either on account of the subjects with which they deal or because of the disclosure by style and method of the personality of the author. On the whole the diaries o obscure people are better reading than the diaries of celebritie because they are more natural and spontaneous and written witho a thought of publication. Julia Newberry was the daughter rich Chicago parents, and the diary she kept in a morocco bo locked book between 1869 and 1872, when she was between fift and seventeen, has only recently been discovered, broken op and published. Although only a fragment it is sufficient to giv an extraordinarily vivid portrait of an attractive girl of shrew intelligence and sparkling humour. Her method is not that o the punctual daily writer. She sums up periods and select incidents which she considers worth recording, chiefly consistin of the advances of various young men, referred to as "snips," whom she describes with great perspicacity. Her method and indeed, her character are disclosed in her criticism of anothe girl's journal which she regards as a contrast to her own.

> Her language appears to me too studied, and her words are th longest she can find. She had evidently a great deal of book-knowledg but seems lacking in what girls almost always possess, namely, fun humour, sarcasm and enthusiasm.

Julia bubbles over whenever she had a chance, but she neve hesitates to say when she was "frightfully bored," or even when she was "a little bored," because "they were so oppressively amiable." The numerous thumb-nail sketches of the "snips" are excellent. One "looks horrid, just like the Prince of Wales"; another "is so effeminate and such a flatterer that I just despise him, with his red shirts and green neckties, for he does dres like a perfect fiend"; and her favourite of them all "never paid compliments but he *did* complimentary things." Elderly me attracted her and were obviously attracted by her. She describe General Sheridan as "distingué, but frightfully ugly (perhap not frightfully but still anything but handsome)," and Jerom Bonaparte paid great attention to her and told her the inner sto of the Charge of the Light Brigade. But amid the purely frivolou records of dances, flirtations and clothes there are the criticism and moralising of a more mature mind. Music was her specia delight and she explains at some length how mere brilliant execu tion does not move her; to hear someone "dash off a stunnin piece all scales, octaves, trills, chords, lightning and thunder

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FABER AND FABER

was " simply disgusting." Even Patti, she observed, sang without being " wholly carried away by the music." In her list of favourite books Charlotte Brontë comes first. Disraeli heads the list of the books she hated, with the word " contemptable " written after his name. On her seventeenth birthday she summarises her career :

> I have been twice to Florida and three times to Europe. I have been to two boarding schools. . . . Have run away twice and had my portrait painted. I have learnt how to faint and have inheirited a fortune. Have been through a long illness and had a terrible sorrow ! And I might have been married had I chosen. On the other hand I have never had on a long dress, or been into society as a young lady ; nor in the conventual form have I been to my first ball. I have never given my photograph to a young man or any other souvenir either, nor have I made my hair uneven by distributing locks among my friends. I have never waved my handkerchief, to a male biped on the other side of the street or appointed a rendezvous on my way to school. I have never sworn eternal friendship to any one nor written poetry since I was eleven years old. I have never fancied myself in love even in extreme youth with either a little boy in knickerbockers or a *man* with side whiskers.

The " terrible sorrow " was the death of her father, to whom she was passionately devoted. In spite of all her *joie de vivre* her diary is an act in a tragedy. Illness never leaves her for long. She records it faithfully, but with impatience rather than self-pity ; and with wonderful recuperative power she dismisses it whenever she can. Her mother tried the expedient of constant travel. They were in Paris during the Franco-Prussian war, then Italy, then Germany, back again to France and later Egypt. It tires her never being able to settle and cultivate her talents. The Diary ends abruptly with descriptions she hears of the great fire in Chicago in which her home was burnt to the ground. Not long after her only sister died, and in April, 1876, Julia herself died in Rome, leaving behind her in the locked morocco book a sparkling little portrait of a youthful charmer. PONSONBY

NAZI GERMANY EXPLAINED

Why Nazi ? *Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

This book is written by a German who, for reasons of personal safety, prefers to remain anonymous. His English—for this is apparently not a translation—is not only practically faultless, but even vivid. He has a novelist's power of characterisation, and something of the good novelist's sane detachment from his characters. It is a relief to find none of the usual indiscriminate attacks on the Nazi leaders, made by writers too angry to remember that, although a Minister's efficiency may well be impaired if he is a certified lunatic, his morals in private life have less to do with the case. The present author writes as one who has really known these men, and he gives us a strange sight of General Göring sitting in his study, the room lighted by enormous church candles, an ancient executioner's sword behind his head, and on the walls pictures of Napoleon, Bismarck, and Frederick the Great ; among them little paintings by his dead wife, " quiet, respectable flower-pieces." He tries to maintain an impartial attitude throughout, his aim being " not to accuse, nor to defend, but to explain." And so a very considerable sympathy for the aims of the National-Socialist movement is mingled with a complete detestation of the methods employed ; and a condemnation of atrocities does not prevent him from praising Hitler's few solid achievements, above all his extraordinary success where Bismarck failed, in the complete unification of Germany under one central Government.

Perhaps the most valuable chapter in the book is that giving an outline of events during the difficult months before Hitler became Chancellor. It is the clearest explanation I have read. Many people have wondered why the Socialists did not make more of a stand. In 1920 the Kapp Putsch, an attempt to establish a military dictatorship, was defeated within a week by the workers, who quietly went on strike while their leaders still weakly hesitated. In June, 1932, the leaders of the Prussian Socialist Government showed the same weakness before Von Papen, Hitler's John the Baptist. But this time the workers did not give their representatives a lead : in 1920 there had been a real enthusiasm for the new Weimar Republic—and no seven million unemployed ready to take the places of rash strikers. A lieutenant of the Reichswehr and two men were able to remove from office Ministers who had the whole police force of Berlin at their command, and at least equal right on their side. The last chance of the workers was gone.

But if the present author is right the future of Socialism in Germany may be less dark than is usually thought. Surprisingly, and, so far as I know, with complete originality, he picks out Gregor Strasser as the man of to-morrow. A year ago many people believed that Strasser was the real leader of the Nazi Party, and when he offered to join Von Schleicher's Government it was thought that the party would be split from top to bottom. But Hitler stamped on the intrigue and Strasser went into retirement alone. He was " the only leading Nazi with a sense of humour," and, not possessing a one-track mind like Hitler's, was no doubt handicapped by his ability to see two sides to every question. He did not share Hitler's anti-Semitic frenzy, and was even willing to be friendly with the Communists. He was, as I have found myself, liked by many members of the more intellectual classes, who were generally revolted by Nazi behaviour. The writer of this book thinks that he is the only man who could control the Socialist elements in the Nazi ranks in an emergency. And recent events show that he may be needed. At a demonstration in the Ruhr the S.A. men chanted a new Nazi song, " Hitler, give us bread, or we shall go red." Y.Z.

THE FRENCH

A History of the French People. By Prof. Charles Seignobos. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

" If I had ventured to follow my own feelings I should have taken as my title ' A Sincere History of the French Nation.' " Prof. Seignobos could not have done this without implying a criticism which, however, by this confidence he implies in any case : on the other hand, he would have achieved that accuracy of suggestion which is the main virtue of a title. He has two faults to charge against former historians : bias, and an attempt to know more than is known. His own conscious resistance to these forms of error is not merely a substantial merit, but a great aesthetic charm : together with the need for brevity, it produces an admirable effect of tension, coolness and incisiveness, and an organic, never intrusive kind of wit.

The object of his book is " to explain by what series of transformations the population of France in past ages has become the French nation of to-day." He lays a good deal of stress on the slightness of the Latin element in French culture. " The expression ' Latin race ' is a monstrous abuse of language. . . . Romance civilisation has nothing Roman about it but the name. And though French is called a Latin tongue, there is nothing Latin about it but the vocabulary." The society which came into being in the twelfth century was " fundamentally different from the civilisations of antiquity, whether Oriental or Mediterranean " : moreover, its appearance was confined to " a limited region round Paris "—that is, it was, if anything, Nordic in origin. Its arts were native, like its institutions, and the Renaissance merely came and spoilt the fun—distorting the tradition, and (its great permanent achievement, not only in France but throughout Europe) cutting off the masses from the artistic life of the élite.

Prof. Seignobos does not, of course, deny that Rome provided " the basis for French intellectual unity "—an accumulation of Hellenic and Oriental knowledge and ideas, " now reduced to the mediocre level of the Roman mind." For one especially important system Gaul was more directly indebted to its conquerors : " Into that stagnant society " (late-Roman Gaul), " accustomed to passive obedience and incapable of resistance, the Empire introduced in the fourth century a foreign religion brought from the East." Christianity was imposed wholesale on a people quite unprepared for it by anything in their traditions : they transformed and cut it down to suit themselves, working into it the most cherished of their own beliefs, which still survive. Thus altered it became a social bond, but not, on the whole, an intellectual or humanising influence. " In practice religion consisted mainly of rites in which the people had always believed as possessing material efficacy, especially as a means of healing. . . . Such beliefs as were potent to influence conduct took the form mainly of fear of a merciless God . . . and of hell "—and these beliefs were to be the motive power of the Reformation. But a dogmatic religion was never really congenial to the French nation as a whole.

French territorial divisions are extremely ancient ; and French society, as it is to-day, can be traced back uninterruptedly to the twelfth century. The most striking feature of this development is the rise of the bourgeois. The feudal nobility and all its works have vanished, with one curious exception : it was an " un-French " and on principle an idle class, whose sole concern with agriculture and justice was to take the profits of them, and whose moral sense

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did not get beyond "a novel sentiment, that of personal honour, or the consciousness of not having failed to observe the rules of chivalry." One permanent contribution it did make to the social life of Europe—gallantry, the inversion of "the outward relations between the sexes." This fighting aristocracy began, in the sixteenth century, to lose its character by assimilating the new "nobility of the robe"—rich bourgeois who had purchased a patent of nobility, or an office which conferred it. The Revolution, which put an end to the practice of creating nobles, simultaneously established the bourgeoisie as, in its own right, the dominant class, and every subsequent struggle for power has ended in a bourgeois victory. The preference for official posts survived its origin.

From the seventeenth century onward, says Prof. Seignobos, "the essential features of the average Frenchman's character are plainly apparent—a peasant, artisan and bourgeois type of character, prudent, distrustful and economical, greatly inclined to vanity, very sociable, though not very hospitable, endowed with a swift, clear and precise intelligence, prone to mockery rather than to enthusiasm, ready of speech and fond of talking . . . inured by a very long tradition to a regular life, greatly attached to its everyday habits, and better suited to individual work than to collective enterprises. This French type . . . has no taste for war. France has never been a country in which volunteers have been recruited." (Both Louis and Napoleon, Prof. Seignobos stigmatises as "un-French"). French women have "an exceptional faculty of exerting influence over men possessed neither by the women of the north nor by those of the Mediterranean lands."

Recent material and social changes are necessarily viewed by Prof. Seignobos with strong approval. It has long been the ambition of all classes in France to live *bourgeoisement*: and now all are at least on the edge of that ideal. This development has been hastened by the fact that in France production has increased without an increase in the density of the population. "The slow, monotonous, hard, sedentary, narrow life of the French has been becoming more rapid, varied and pleasant . . . and open to wider horizons." On the other hand, the "traditional balance of French life" has been upset by the gradual emptying of the countryside.

Prof. Seignobos has given the first place in his book to politics, being convinced that they "have always played the leading part in the evolution of the French people." He apologises, perhaps needlessly, to English readers, "accustomed to see history treated in the form of biography," for having had no room to indulge them, and more decidedly regrets that he has been unable to work in more adequate accounts of common life—housing, food, clothing, private law, family and social customs, and so on. This weakness is certainly a pity. On the other hand, his book is in many ways especially adapted to an English public, and is so well arranged as to be lucid in spite of unfamiliarity and condensation. No one who has the smallest interest in the subject ought to pass it by.

K. JOHN

THE AUTHOR OF MANON

The Abbé Prévost. A play by HELEN WADDELL. Published by *Constable*, in the Raven Miscellany. 15*s*.

Miss Waddell, nicely choosing among the uncertain circumstances of Prévost's career, shows the pattern of *Manon Lescaut* repeating itself in the Abbé's own life. In a Prologue, *Twenty Years After*, he is chaplain to the Prince de Conti, "comfortable as a man might be with a decade or so of good living after years of starvation," occupied with the revision of *Manon*. Memories are aroused, and the play proper shows Lenki, the sight alone of whom inspired the work; their life together in The Hague and in London; his arrest for forgery and her departure for Paris with his former pupil, the subject of the forgery. The heartbreaking realisation "Je la perdis," which had already come to the Chevalier des Grieux, now expresses, all too truly, the Abbé's own case.

The theme of *The Spoiled Buddha*, an early work and the only other play that Miss Waddell has published, hardly allowed dramatic treatment. Now the story is moving and is handled with competence and delicacy. The action is sufficiently inevitable from the characters, and the reader's sympathy accompanies each one of them. Exquisitely acted, dressed and produced, it would be sure of an artistic and might have some commercial success.

There is a good deal of padding, which allows the quotation of four of the most lovely eighteenth-century lyrics, and the character of Mrs. Charlotte Chugg, once actress, now landlady. To see her, who has "flung a red cloak about her shoulders for the occasion, and set a stage crown upon her tousled hair" at the dinner of celebration, and to hear her render: "Farewell, ungrateful Traytor" would alone be worth a performance of the play. This literary quotation is justifiable dramatically since it adumbrates Prévost's grief. To paraphrase in her mouth, however, parts of Dryden's own preface to *All for Love*, and thus resolve the Abbé's doubts about that play; and that he should transform her blunt remarks into generalisations about the French and English, are points that are not similarly valid. The late Professor Saintsbury remarked that the great quality of *Manon Lescaut* was its "humanity." So, in the play, it is not important that the Abbé is a Frenchman, but that he loves Lenki.

It would be interesting to know if there is contemporary use of the word "notionate." Mrs. Chugg maternally declares: "They're apt to be notionate when they have the fever, my dear." The Oxford English Dictionary reports no use earlier than 1859, and this is perhaps the only phrase in the play that jars upon the reader. Miss Waddell has shown before that she is able by her choice of words to charge a translation with poignancy and significance greater even than that of the original. The famous "Je reconnus que ce coeur si vif étoit encore brûlant sous la cendre" reappears in the play, following her translation of *Manon*, as "But to wake, and find one's heart still hot beneath the ashes."

BARBARA STURGIS

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Among cases dealt with in his book Mrs. Helen Duncan, the Scotch medium, provides a classic instance of ingenious and, for a time, highly successful fraud. Mr. Price includes three photographs to illustrate this lady's technique. In the first, we have a flashlight glimpse of Mrs. Duncan enveloped in several yards of cheese-cloth—alleged "teleplasm," though the creases and tears in the material can be clearly seen—which it is suggested that she produced from a capacious stomach; the second gives an interesting "close-up" of "phantoms" materialised during a séance at Miss Duncan's house—apparitions that would appear to have been constructed of cheese-cloth draperies, coat-hangers and crude cardboard masks; while the third is a picture of an ancient undervest which, caught in the act of masquerading as the spirit "Peggy," led to Mrs. Duncan's conviction for fraudulent mediumship at Edinburgh on May 11th last.

Mr. Price also describes his investigation of the claims of Willy and Rudi Schneider. Willy, the more famous of the pair, emerged practically unscathed from the expert scrutiny of Mr. Price, Dr. von Schrenk-Notzing, and many others, having accomplished on the way feats that it is still impossible to explain by any ordinary hypothesis. Rudi, however, has been exposed; his achievement, too, was not inconsiderable and the hopes of the investigators ran high, till a flashlight photograph, taken during one of his séances, revealed him with his left arm free, groping behind his chair . . . From the professional investigator's standpoint, any proof of fraud, no matter how small, invalidates the whole series

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of antecedent phenomena, even though these phenomena have been produced under a much stricter system of control, and though fraud and genuine mediumship are sometimes entangled. It is only by methods of the utmost severity, by the cultivation of a hypercritical frame of mind, that the subject can be established on a solid basis.

Turning from the fraudulent or somewhat doubtful, Mr. Price gives an illuminating account of experiments conducted with mediums whose good faith has never yet been impugned. Of British trance mediums probably the best known is Mrs. Eileen Garrett. Through her agency a "spirit" purporting to be Lieutenant Irwin related at length, and in language that showed a remarkable grasp of aeronautic detail, the events that preceded the R101 disaster. But "mental" mediumship, being less susceptible of proof or disproof, naturally assumes a secondary place in the study of so-called "psychic" phenomena. Perhaps the most interesting and convincing case of mediumship cited by Mr. Price is that of a young Englishwoman, Miss Stella C., who, under his direction, participated in a number of séances, during one of which a table was completely demolished, lights appeared, strong breezes, coming from nowhere, blew across the room and electric contact was made on a very elaborate, and apparently quite fool-proof, machine designed for the purpose by Mr. Price himself. The reader who refers to Mr. Price's description of this contrivance must needs admit the extraordinary thoroughness with which, in common with his fellow investigators, he has set about an exceedingly difficult problem. Notwithstanding the bonhomie of his literary mannerism, and a joviality that sometimes inclines to the facetious, this book is the fruit of patient and unselfish labour.

THE FIGHTING BOER

Trekking On. By Deneys Reitz. *Faber.* 15*s.*

To be honest without self-assertion, but with the finer restraints of dignity, is not given to many who have been thrown by politics into civil war and out of civil war into arms against the enemies of an enemy. This has been the experience of Colonel Reitz who in *Commando* gave us his battles against the British in the Boer War, and who now describes the events which led him to reconciliation with England, and the campaigns first against the Nationalist rebels in South Africa, then against the Germans in German East and German West Africa, and finally to the command of a battalion of the Royal Scots in France during the Great War. The experience was worth writing, and Colonel Reitz has done it with coolness, objectively, honourably, admirably. Two-thirds of his book are devoted to fighting, the last half to the two final and terrible years of the Great War, and his narrative seems to me to be easily in the first rank of that very mixed literature; for not only is he a skilful and vivid writer but he is entirely free from that hysterical self-pity which has marred the greater part of the war literature of the last few years. He is by no means our familiar friend, the cheery and bloodthirsty soldier of fortune. The key to his attitude is in his opinion that the last war was "terrible but not degrading," and while he spares us no horrors—so that by its honest record of experience his book should go far in shaking the faith of those who still regard modern war with complacency—he gives us the undemonstrative heroism, the endurance, the sardonic philosophy of the common soldier too. Here, one feels, is the rarest thing on earth: an impartiality without the chilling lack of sympathy which commonly accompanies it.

As he has already related in *Commando*, Deneys Reitz served as a boy of seventeen in the campaign of General Smuts against the British. The boy and his family were among those who refused peace with England, and in 1902 they were accordingly deported. They set sail for France, raw provincials and exiles, and they were to receive many shocks in the course of their political education. Thus it was embarrassing to be greeted as brothers by Egyptian dissidents at Port Said, for as Dutch South Africans the exiles had strong colour prejudices. It was worse than embarrassing, indeed disconcerting, to see a modern battleship manned by a coloured crew. The battleship was Japanese. The world continued to play these tricks upon the exiles' faith, and later on, in Madagascar, where Reitz went with his brother, he received a letter which was the prelude to complete conversion. The letter is worth quoting. It ran:

> Cher aimé ami,—Humbly prostrated at the foot of the eternal throne, I take the liberty of expressing to you how much I thank the Most High for granting me a pure heart enabling me to admire the sacred patriotism of your people . . . .

and concluded,

> Totus tuus in Xto, Benoît du cordon Séraphique.

The talented writer of this letter was a young Hova native, a man of liberal education

> who knew much more than I did. He gave me books to read by good French authors, and in the months that followed I learned a great deal from one who would in South Africa have been denied the elementary rights of citizenship.

Exile rapidly lost its lofty character. By the time the brothers landed in Madagascar with only twenty pounds in the world, they were playing an unwilling part in a farce of mistaken identity. The French made their arrival on the island a matter of heroic political celebration. Speeches were made. "La France," the friend of the oppressed and defender of liberty, was invoked at embarrassing length; and it was some time before the brothers could convince their hosts that they had not the cash, nor the justification, for living a life of fame. For rumour had gone out that they were bringing 30,000 Boer farmers with them, to be free of British rule! The French were at last convinced and then roared with laughter at the situation.

There was no fortune in Madagascar and the years ended in disillusion. Penniless and broken in health Reitz got permission to return to South Africa, and there General Smuts took him in, convinced him that the British had been fair in their undertakings, and helped him to set up as a lawyer in the provinces.

But in the painful period of reconstruction political passions were still unquietened. Reitz found himself in a small minority among General Smuts' opponents who were heading for civil war, and when this broke out he was a marked man. The Commandos were formed once more and the excitements of the old Boer War campaign returned, but with the awful bitterness and startling humours of civil strife. With this war the days of the Commando system were numbered, for Colonel Reitz recalls, with a horseman's regret, that de Wet, expert guerillero of the old school, was captured by the use of cars. The wars in German East and German West followed, and in comparison with the war in Europe were games of hide and seek, with tropical fevers playing the part of gas, and tsetse fly as the bacteriological weapon. Possibly the campaign in German West, apparently so "sporting" and of the old school, had more hints of conditions of a future world war than the African horseman realised. As one trained in the private enterprise traditions of the noble school of warfare, he has little use for modern mass production methods of slaughter.

There is not a dull (nor ill-written) page in the book, and one puts it down feeling that one has made the acquaintance of a man exceptionally worth knowing. I can think of only one other writer of war books who has achieved this: the German Renn.

V. S. Pritchett

A NEGLECTED MASTER

Richard Jefferies. By R. Arkell. *Rich and Cowan.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Arkell would probably be the first to admit that his book is not the serious and exhaustive study of Jefferies that seems to be necessary if he is to be given his due as a writer. But it is a pleasant and sympathetic little book, which should do something to mitigate the general neglect and underestimation of Jefferies. Mr. Arkell has a good many amusing stories of his own to tell, and a useful gift for summarising Jefferies' work in such a way as to give some notion of its character. He has also a good deal of information, some of it new, about Jefferies' life. He is able to show the extent to which Jefferies made use of autobiographical material, even in Amaryllis. To know that Grandfather Iden is John Jefferies, Richard's own grandfather, and that the Iden household is in all essentials the Jefferies household at Coate is interesting, if not unexpected. It was always fairly clear that Jefferies constructed the characters of the book with a solidity that one hardly ever finds when he is inventing. But it is useful to know how much of the particular detail is remembered fact—that the Flamma connection is the family of Jefferies' own mother, Elizabeth Gyde, the daughter of a London bookbinder, and that Jefferies' father had, like Iden, farmed in America for a time.

Mr. Arkell has also an interesting and consoling account of Coate Farm and Coate reservoir. Though the level of the latter has been raised, and Bevis's New Formosa is under water, Swindon Corporation, who at present own both farm and lake, have had the good taste to leave the place comparatively untouched, and it

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is still possible to see the attic in which Amaryllis tried to draw—Jefferies' own work room.

It is perhaps inevitable that Jefferies should have been a good deal neglected. "Nature" is now out of fashion, and when it was last in the mode was romantic-sentimental and "intense," in the manner of Rupert Brooke and the lesser Georgians. To some extent he was eclipsed by Hudson, a writer who is really only his equal in one work, *Far Away and Long Ago*. Hudson makes a far more obvious appeal to rather more obvious emotions. He pitches up his effects, appeals to sentiment, exhibits himself in introspections, is in all sorts of ways a far easier author to get on to terms with. But about far too much of his work there is a fatal thinness, a lack of the conviction of commonsense, intimate, sensuous reality, which impoverishes his writing, depriving it of warmth and richness of overtones, making us too conscious that he also knows that what he is writing of is "beautiful."

These are methods only possible—sometimes—to poetry. They are the methods of Wordsworth. And it is to Wordsworth that Jefferies is to be compared in the importance, value and magnitude of his effects.

It is true, though, that this comparison is only possible in a peculiar form of art. If Wordsworth is treated simply as a poet, to be felt in the same way as that in which we feel the effects of Milton, say, or Gray, or Shelley, and if Jefferies is to be felt as a novelist or essayist in the kind of Jane Austen, or Emily Brontë, or Tolstoy, it is clear that Wordsworth is a major poet and Jefferies a good, but minor, essayist and novelist. But though it is quite possible to treat them in this way, it is missing the real point of both Wordsworth and Jefferies, failing to enter the world in which they are equal masters, a world which is only accidentally entered by literature. The capacity for receiving intensely valued states of mind from the experiences of your sense, from coming suddenly out on a field of wild daffodils or shooting a high pheasant, is fairly widely dispersed in the human race. But it is a sufficiently rare gift for the coincidence with great powers of communication to have occurred less than a dozen times in English lierature.

Anyone who wishes to read Jefferies would be well advised to remember the comparison with Wordsworth, for a great many of the obstacles and annoyances of the two writers are similar. Like Wordsworth, Jefferies is often clumsy, particularly when he deals with human beings of kinds he was incapable of observing directly. He has also his moments of bathos or tiresomeness, when he goes off into reflections on human life or society—a tiresomeness that is more stylistic incompetence on such themes than anything else. If I read *Amaryllis* aloud to someone whom I wish to impress with Jefferies' merits I find myself compelled to skip a great many passages lest they should think him an intolerable Victorian. As a matter of fact, if one knows Jefferies intimately, he is no more annoying than a friend talking nonsense, but in doing so giving a view of the twists and oddities of a sympathetic character.

Like Wordsworth also, Jefferies managed to say some incredibly silly things about the universe at large. Most of them are contained in *The Story of My Heart*, which is not a book to be read by any but very firm admirers, who care enough about the man himself to be ready to go to any length in the effort to understand him. Neither Jefferies nor Wordsworth are to be blamed for their philosophical disasters. They have only fallen into the error of many of the professional philosphers in supposing that their feelings could provide explanations of the universe. All mystics are apt to believe that an intensely valued experience is something

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No, a good book cannot be made of one idea, nor even out of two, or three, or four, however good the idea is and however admirably " worked out." Flesh and blood are wanted, living people giving through their individual characters reality to such abstractions.

D. G.

A GREAT EUROPEAN

The Saga of Fridtjof Nansen. By Jon Sörensen. Translated from the Norwegian by J. B. C. Watkins. *Allen and Unwin.* 18*s.*

Nansen. By E. E. Reynolds. *Geoffrey Bles.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Nansen of Norway. By Charles Turley. *Methuen* 5*s.*

These biographies of Fridtjof Nansen necessarily cover much the same ground, for, as Mr. Reynolds's memoir—which is frankly a compilation—demonstrates, so much of Nansen's life was committed to print by himself or others, or is recorded in the political records of his own country, in the publications of the League of Nations, and in his speeches, that there was little occasion or opportunity for individual research. Of the three books it may be said that that by Mr. Sörensen is the more intimate, for he has had access to private diaries and letters and was moreover a personal friend of the famous explorer and philanthropist. What Mr. Reynolds lacks in personal intimacy, however, is made good by his enthusiasm, particularly for the later work of Nansen in the international field. Mr. Turley's narrative owes much of its inspiration to Mr. Reynolds's stirring story and is avowedly and effectively written to demonstrate that Nansen's whole life should be an inspiration and an encouragement to all brave, far-seeing and honourable people. The earlier part of each book deals with Nansen's upbringing and early manhood.

Mr. Sörensen, Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Turley tell again the great tales of the Fram and of the Greenland crossing, and tell them so that they reveal the prescience, the organising power, and the personal drive which were later to be displayed on a grander scale and on a wider field. There have been greater and more fruitful Arctic adventures than those essayed by Nansen; but none in which combined judgment and daring have been more fully justified in the event. But this is the Nansen whom every schoolboy knows. It is for their portrayal of the Nansen of the war and the peace that we have particularly to thank the authors, for no moment could be more opportune for a recital of services to humanity that cannot too often be celebrated or too widely known. As High Commissioner appointed by the League for the repatriation of prisoners of war, Nansen was responsible for restoring to their homes nearly half a million men scattered through the belligerent countries, and the official tribute paid him by the Council on the completion of the work testifies alike to the difficulties overcome and to the brilliance of the achievement. As with the prisoners of war, so again when called upon to deal with the refugees from transferred territories; Nansen demonstrated his powers of organisation and of arousing sympathy and guiding it into definite and useful action. But his noblest work was that which he did in the face of political prejudice and animosity when, finding official protests useless, he appealed to private charity and so was enabled to bring relief to the victims of the Russian famine in 1921–22.

The speech which Nansen made before the League, in reply to those who maintained that to help the starving people would be to strengthen " Bolshevism," was deadly in logic and flaming in indignation. The Governments failed him, but private organisations responded, and he was able to do much; and, significant of the feeling with which so much undeserved suffering affected him, when in 1923 he was given the Nobel Peace Prize he devoted the money to the work of the Nansen demonstration estates and model farms at Saratov and Ekaterinoslav in Russia. There is a notable passage in the speech made when he was installed Rector of St. Andrew's University. Referring to the famine, he first glanced at the political issue contemptuously, and went on :—

> But what was worse, there was in various transatlantic countries such an abundance of maize at that time that the farmers did not know how to get rid of it before the new harvest, so they had to burn it as fuel in their railway engines. At the same time the ships in Europe were idle, and laid up, for there were no cargoes, simultaneously there were thousands, nay millions, of unemployed. All this while thirty million people in the Volga region—not far away and easily reached by means of our ships—were allowed to starve and die; the politicians of the world at large, except in the United States, trying to find an excuse for doing nothing on the pretext that it was the Russians' own fault—a result of the Bolshevik system.

Nansen was no politician, yet, as Lord Curzon said, " he was the only living man to whom the doors of every Chancery in

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DESERT AND JUNGLE

People of the Serpent. By Edward H. Thompson. *Putnam.* 15*s.*

Riddles of the Gobi Desert. By Sven Hedin. *Routledge.* 18*s.*

There are probably few corners of the world that have a greater fascination for the imaginative and curious, but untravelled, reader than Yucatan and the mountainous deserts and oases of the Central-Asian waste. Both regions hide memories of past greatness; but in each of them Nature, for many hundreds of years, has been hard at work covering or isolating all reminders of human occupancy, so that the archaeologist and explorer are obliged to pit their strength against nearly impossible odds. In Yucatan, once populous and well-cultivated districts, with their roads, aqueducts and teeming cities, have disappeared beneath the encroachment of dense, unhealthy tropical jungle; while, in Central Asia, the gradual drying-up of water-courses has reduced prosperous and civilised frontier trading-stations, surrounded by orchards, arbours and vineyards, to patches of bleak and sandy ruin, where the trunks of withered fruit-trees, and the desiccated, wind-eroded beams of fallen houses and temples are still to be discovered, emerging grey and ghostly, beside the stony beds of long-extinct rivers and streams.

In the first of these two volumes, Mr. Edward Thompson gives a brief and episodic, but exceedingly interesting, account of forty years spent among the ruin of Maya civilisation. As a young man fresh from America, Mr. Thompson was able to purchase the abandoned plantation on which stood the Chichen Itzá group of monuments, the sacred city of the Mayas, and one of the best preserved, least overgrown and most easily accessible of their ancient sites. Mr. Thompson is by no means a practised writer, and is inclined, here and there, to underestimate the intelligence of his public; but he has a fortunate and vivid knack of describing his personal experiences—the experiences that really counted—and depicting the background against which he laboured. He does not melodramatise his difficulties. True, while he was taking *papier-mâché* casts of certain bas-reliefs at Uxmal, he suffered agonies and came near to losing his life; but elsewhere he pays what is almost a tribute to the comparative easiness of conditions in the Central-American jungle. The jaguar, unlike so many much-pursued beasts of prey, is apparently not an animal whose malice is confined to defending itself when attacked; the dreaded boa-constrictor, on the other hand, is often kept by the Indians in their granaries as a watch-dog and scourge of rodents. Nor need a traveller, lost in the forest, ever die of thirst or hunger if he knows to which plants and insects to apply for food and drink. Only in the *dzekeles*, or scrubby deserts, where the soil is too thin to nourish trees, does the absence of water become a problem.

Like Dr. Sven Hedin, Mr. Thompson has already published a scientific *compte rendu* of his researches in various learned ethnographical and archaeological papers. In *People of the Serpent* his method is advisedly popular, and one could wish that he had dwelt at greater length on the monuments themselves. The most readable and exciting chapter of his book tells how he dredged and, with great courage and foolhardiness, dived in the Sacred Well at Chichen Itzá, recovering the bones and ornaments of human sacrificial victims, there immolated to placate the powerful Rain God. Dr. Hedin needs no introduction; *Riddles of the Gobi Desert* continues the story of his travels, begun in *Across the Gobi Desert*, and is made up both of his own adventures and those of his companions and colleagues. It is an extremely interesting and informative book, but, unhappily, somewhat disconnected. Remarks on a visit to America are sandwiched between a chapter on Peking—itself scarcely relevant to a travel-book about the Gobi—and a report of the Tashi Lama's visit to Mongolia. Dr. Hedin provides an eye-witness's account of the tragic death of Governor-General Yang, whose murder precipitated the present troubles, and draws a fine portrait of that benevolent and judicious statesman. There are good photographs, but the map at the end of the volume, in the translation, ought surely to have been printed in English.

ROMANCE OF QUAKERISM

Quaker Ways. By A. Ruth Fry. *Cassell.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

"I have tried," says Miss Fry, "to show Quaker faith at work, Quakerism written in lives, with the necessary background of ideas. It is a book, not for the learned, but for those who want to know, simply, what manner of men and women the Quakers are." In fact, it might be not unfairly described as a collection of illustrative anecdotes. Good ones, too, the field of choice being enormous; since the Society has always flourished chiefly in a social stratum much given to keeping personal and family records. They are told here with no great distinction of style, but simply and unaffectedly, and as often as possible in the words of the original narrators.

The result is a sort of panorama of Quakerism. All its principal phases are shown—the early propagandists and martyrs, the founder of Pennsylvania, the seventeenth-century conflicts with the law, the eighteenth-century agitation against slavery, Elizabeth Fry's prison work, the development of the Quaker schools, and the testimony against war from the earliest period down to the conscientious objectors. There are also chapters enumerating the various Quakers eminent in science and in commerce; and a long, interesting chapter on Quaker characteristics and peculiarities. The note throughout is admiring rather than critical.

Quakerism in the beginning was intensely propagandist. George Fox, its founder, was an incessant preacher, and he travelled indefatigably, trying to convert high and low. So did his immediate followers. They journeyed all over Europe and the American colonies and the West Indies; they interviewed the Doge in Venice, the Pope in Rome, and the Tsar in Russia; and many of them were imprisoned, flogged, tortured, or even hanged for their faith, especially in the colony of Massachusetts. I think the reflection which will occur to most non-Quakers who read of these missionary efforts is that to-day there are in Great Britain only about 19,000 Quakers, with a very high relative percentage of well-to-do people among those few. It seems a crop strangely disparate for all that democratic sowing. Part, presumably, of the explanation is the worldly phase which came over Quakerism in the eighteenth century, before it was revivified with the rise of the Evangelical movement proceeding from William Law. Miss Fry says very little about this, and in places her silence is almost misleading. For instance, in her anti-slavery chapter one might rather gather from her early quotations that Friends had been generally adverse to slave-holding all along. Readers of John Woolman's famous *Journal* will know that this was not so; that when he began his anti-slavery propaganda in 1758 he had little support from within the Society; and that, in fact, a good part of his work in America was to go to one wealthy Quaker slaveholder after another, and exhort them to free their slaves. It was the same with temperance. The record of the Friends in regard to it is honourable, but not continuous. Miss Fry herself observes that "it was hard to find a town in England where a leading Quaker was not a maltster, brewer, or wine merchant, till the early nineteenth century."

One of the greatest changes which have come over the Friends within the lifetime of people now living is their abandonment of a distinctive dress. Past the middle of the nineteenth century Quakers could be recognised by collarless coats and low-crowned broad-brimmed hats not otherwise worn. In fact they were as much marked out by their costume from the rest of the community as the clergy of most other denominations still are; and the practice must have had a distinct psychological effect on them. It was attacked by Sir Edward Fry, Miss Fry's father, in a pamphlet dated 1859, and thereafter it gradually disappeared. So, very largely, have the once-famous peculiarities of Quaker language.

One of the most continuous features in Quakerism has been the scope which it has throughout allowed for women's work on the same terms as men. Of this Miss Fry's narratives supply constant illustration. She has also, of course, notably illustrated it herself by her work in and for the Society. In her last chapter she gives expression to some of her hopes for the Society's future, and particularly stresses its possibilities as a vehicle of internationalism. When you read on one page of a Polish Friend, a Japanese Friend, and a Malagasy Friend, you may think this development has gone far. But, as Miss Fry shows in an appendix, though many countries now have a Friends' meeting, their memberships are usually very small. Outside Great Britain and the United States, Madagascar, curiously enough, seems to contain more Friends than all the rest put together.

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NEW NOVELS

Miracle on Sinai: A Satirical Novel. By OSBERT SITWELL. *Duckworth.* 7s. 6d.

Mediterranean Blues. By YVONNE CLOUD. *Lane.* 7s. 6d.

They Call It Patriotism. By BRUNO BREHM. *Bles.* 8s. 6d.

A Twentieth-Century Tragedy. By RUDOLPH BRUNNGRABER. *Dickson.* 8s. 6d.

Bombi Bitt. By FRITIOF NILSSON. *Dickson.* 6s.

A volume called *The Eighteen-Eighties*, in which a number of well-known names were grouped so as to form a "period" of Victorianism, was criticised on the ground that ten years—in the history of literature—was too short a time to admit of any useful generalisation. What could one expect to find, it was asked, in a decade, shut off from its surrounding years? That depends, perhaps, on the decade. But when the unit is reduced from ten years to one ("The Books of 1932") and, more often, from one year to a single week, the reviewer who has to face this situation may reasonably feel that he is in a hole. His success as a reviewer depends, in fact, largely on his ingenuity in getting, week after week, out of a hole. A dozen novels, probably, are given him to "deal with," and he is expected not only to review them but to make some sort of sense out of the fact that they arrive by the same post. Is there, he hopes, some common tendency, an advance perhaps on last week's books, to be discovered? Has the depression brought our novelists into line? His eye catches a flagrantly comic title and *The Adventures of a Jacobean*. The major hope gone, he begins to read, noting how one story ends with a seduction while another begins with it, that two novels are written by Finns and two more by Americans describing the life of Americans in Paris. So, by a process of linking together, and an occasional recourse to opposites ("Miss So-and-So has written a sunny story of Spain, but the scene of Mr. Blank's childhood is in the Grampians"), his article finally gets written. He may even fall back on a traditional "best book of the week"—when he is enthusiastic enough.

The novels at the top of this column seem to me more than usually incongruous; they travel most of the way in different compartments, though all more or less in the same class. None of them makes any pretence at being literature except possibly *Miracle on Sinai*, which I have put first. One notes Mr. Sitwell's claim that his prose has been "strangely underrated," hoping, however, that he is not backing his latest novel too heavily. I have never read Mr. Sitwell's prose before, but I doubt if *Miracle on Sinai* shows it at its best. The book is advertised as "a satirical novel," perhaps so as not to mislead possible readers, and to prepare them for a very pretty moral at the end. Prettiness and wittiness seem, indeed, to be the extent of Mr. Sitwell's satire; the book leaves an impression of a cultivated intelligence running on an unusually low gear so that there is no chance of our missing a view. And it's always the same old view! Sir Levy Lollygo, Madame Galactic, Major-General Sir Rudyard Ramshakkle (Mr. Sitwell is not afraid of underlining)—for a long time I wondered where on earth I had heard of them all before. It took me several chapters to discover that, no doubt unintentionally, I was being referred to *The Apes of God*. Mr. Sitwell's little joke had, in fact, already been made against him, with devastating effect, by Mr. Wyndham Lewis, and this rather spoilt its innocence. The Major-General ("Must be properly dressed for a thing, doncherno. Besides, have to keep up with the times, Hitler and the whachercall-it state") seems a poor reply to the amazing stampede of the Generals at "Lord Osmund's Lenten Party"; the long "Conversation-piece" which occupies most of the second part of the book has already been howled to bits in a gale, and to find it here quietly put together again is, for me at any rate, an anti-climax. I am not, of course, suggesting that Mr. Sitwell can, or ought to, compete with Mr. Lewis, but merely that the satirist who has already been beaten up is in an awkward position for beginning again.

Apart from this—which gives us a fair measure of Mr. Sitwell's actual effectiveness in satire—*Miracle on Sinai* is an entertaining take-off of newspapers, governesses, business, bishops, travel, and the upper strata of hotel life. The appearance of the old gang in Palestine (with some genuinely sensitive descriptions of scenery), and their participation in a miracle which they do their best to ignore and finally reduce to absurdity, add a tang of Western reality, shading into fantasy, which might be lacking in adventures in the home counties. As a satiric fable, *Miracle on Sinai* is definitely lightweight (more so, possibly, than its author intended), but it is continuously readable and flicks at most things.

Mediterranean Blues is daring, knowing, and at its worst extremely arch. The comedy of the English abroad does not seem to have altered much with a depreciated franc, and there is even the additional joke of not being able to pay one's rent. At times the farce is high-spirited. So far as colonels, governesses, etc., go, Miss Cloud accepts Mr. Sitwell's convention, though on a lower level. Miss Cloud is clever, but her characters are not. Nor, particularly, is the reader.

They Call It Patriotism and *A Twentieth-Century Tragedy* are both, in a sense, historical novels. The first describes the events leading up to the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand at Sarajevo, and the second is an attempt to show the effects of recent political and economic changes on the life of an individual. In both, the events described are far more interesting than their treatment. *They Call It Patriotism* presents the theme of a struggle of two personalities and their effect on history. The lives of these two men, Apis, the head of a secret organisation of Serbian patriots, and the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, do not converge until the assassination: the men never actually meet. This gradual convergence over ten years takes up most of the book. Like the iceberg and the liner in Hardy's poem they drift towards one another: we see the one shadowed by police in cafés and campaigning in Macedonia against the Turks, the other hunting, and reviewing his troops. The narrative has a wide sweep (not so difficult perhaps to do adequately), there are good bits of description and the natural excitement and interest of political events moving towards a crisis. But the two chief characters who, according to the introduction, are supposed to show the truth of "Carlyle's theory of the decisive influence of personalities in history" are themselves mere shadows and proof, if anything, of Tolstoy's theory that great men are thrown up by the movements which they lead. The conflict of personalities in this very long novel hardly exists at all except in the form of two conventionally opposed figures, legendary and for the most part off-stage. Small incidents, too, are bungled in an exasperating way; as when a young man with his packing-case of bombs arrives at Serajevo among the train trippers from a local spa and, with one eye on his bombs in the rack and the other on a straw hat perched on a girl's head, begins a silent monologue of the worst conventional rhetoric. Nevertheless, despite these faults the book is often impressive by the mere weight of its subject, and it lumbers to the end with a curious damaged dignity. *A Twentieth-Century Tragedy*, attempting a sort of economic Cavalcade, is boring by its documentation. The story is of a Viennese, Karl Lakner, who fights in the war and afterwards wanders about without food or employment until he kills himself. This is vividly told, but it is only the centre of a mass of facts about unemployment, falls in the exchange, strikes and wages which clutter every chapter. Herr Brunngraber has a passion for figures. When Karl is born we learn that he weighed 8 lb., that his mother was "restricted to some six hundred words in her vocabulary," and that his father, twenty-one years of age, was just then doing three years' military service in the third regiment of artillery. Later on, when Karl is driven by hunger to become the lover of a woman whom he has previously insulted, his action is explained in these terms:

> During many days thereafter, Karl lived on the charity of Vilma Haniel. It seemed intolerable to accept, but what was he to do? The human heart . . . has every twenty-four hours to do work demanding the expenditure of many thousands of foot-pounds of energy. The pulse-waves move along our arteries thirty feet per second—somewhere about twenty miles per hour. This apparatus has to be supplied with a sufficient number of calories to keep it going. There is a physical law which applies to the living. . . . And that was why Karl accepted the intolerable position of living on the charity of Vilma Haniel for several weeks.

And that is why most people will find it intolerable to read more than a very little of Herr Brunngraber.

Bombi Bitt is an amusing unpretentious little book which the publishers compare with *Huckleberry Finn*. That is its genre, certainly, though it is of far smaller calibre, and I found in these stories a real originality and charm. Perhaps because humorous writers are rare in the Scandinavian countries, Fritiof Nilsson tells his stories with a freshness and directness which are unusual in modern writers of the picaresque. Without affectation, they have the air of folk tales to which the author has added the gusto of purely personal adventure. The two boys of the story, bad sons of better parents, gain the confidence of poachers, beggars,

drunkards and thieves; they spear fish, smoke out the fox, stand by with beer and gin at gambling parties, receive the brand of a secret society, and, in general, apprentice themselves to the free-lances of the countryside. Beyond the terrific shadows of these heroes there is too, the glimpse of landscape, and a good whiff of peasant life.

G. W. STONIER

MR. MONKHOUSE AND MOSCOW

Moscow, 1911-1933. By ALLAN MONKHOUSE. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

This is one of the most interesting books about Russia which have appeared recently. The sensationalism of the daily press and of the times we live in makes our memory for names "in the news" amazingly short, but most people, we hope, remember Mr. Monkhouse as the chief employee of Metro-Vickers in the recent Moscow trial. In the latter part of his book Mr. Monkhouse deals with the trial, but that is not what gives it its chief interest. Let us therefore get the trial and what Mr. Monkhouse has to say about it out of the way at once. The story of his arrest, interrogation, and release from the Lubianka prison is admirably told. It is obvious that he himself was innocent of any offence, and to all intents and purposes the Soviet Government admitted the fact by releasing him after his detention and interrogation which lasted two days. His loyalty to the other accused, including those Russians who gave evidence against himself and the other Englishmen, wins our admiration, but we find it extremely difficult in view of certain facts connected with the trial to accept the hypothesis that the whole thing was a complete frame-up. There are several points of importance, including some of the confessions, which remain obscure, and we shall probably have to wait a long time before we know the whole truth. Of one thing there is no doubt and that is that the whole thing was grossly mismanaged by the British Government, though about this aspect of the deplorable incident Mr. Monkhouse is discreetly silent. If Sir John Simon had behaved to the Soviet Government with regard to the arrest of Mr. Panter Mr. Monkhouse would almost certainly have had an entirely different story to tell. When Mr. Litvinov said to Sir Thomas Ovey: "Permit me to tell you that even if such methods of diplomacy might perhaps be successful, let us say, in Mexico, they are doomed, in advance, to complete failure in the U.S.S.R., and the sooner you realise it the better it will be for all," the remark, far from being "uncalled-for" and "a definite insult," as Mr. Monkhouse thinks, had considerable justification.

But the real interest of Mr. Monkhouse's book is to be found in his account of conditions in Russia. His experience of the country extends over twenty-two years; he has lived there for the greater part of that time and has worked there in intimate relations with the Government and all those connected with large engineering works. He can speak Russian and, as an expert engineer, he can speak with authority about industrial development. It is impossible to read his book without seeing that he is normally a man of sound judgment and great open-mindedness; his recent experiences have naturally affected his attitude towards the Soviet Government, and, though there are evidences of bias, he is always trying to be scrupulously fair and usually succeeds in retaining a considerable measure of impartiality and objectivity.

The present reviewer has endeavoured—he believes with some success—to believe absolutely nothing which he hears about Russia, unless it be something extremely bad from a friendly or extremely good from a hostile critic. In the case of Mr. Monkhouse, who in the main is to be reckoned among the hostile critics, not only are his statements which are favourable to the existing regime obviously to be accepted, but much of his hostile criticism is so fair and so qualified that it cannot be rejected. It is not possible in a short review to discuss what he says in detail; those who wish to get some idea of what is going on in Russia should study carefully the details which he gives. We can only state summarily here the impression which his book has made upon us in the large. We see a government of devoted fanatics inspired by a colossal, impersonal and, in many ways, noble ideal. They have made many unnecessary and sometimes terrible mistakes and they are addicted to that modern doctrine of cruel ruthlessness which, since the war, it is fashionable nearly everywhere to regard as a sign of efficiency, strength, and virtue. But their achievement is immense. They are building not for the moment but for the future, and their aim is to create a real Socialist society in which the prosperity and culture of the ordinary man is the main social motive. To do this the first step necessary, in their opinion, is to increase the industrial and agricultural productiveness of Russia. That is the meaning of the first and the second Plans. And it now seems possible, if not probable, that, despite their colossal difficulties and their great mistakes, they will succeed. It is impossible not to infer from this book that Mr. Monkhouse has been enormously impressed by the economic, industrial, and educational development of the last five years. It looks as though nothing except interference from without can now prevent that development continuing. Reading this book one understands why those who hate Socialism and so passionately adore the existing system of profits, wars, and doles are so angry with (and frightened by) Soviet Russia.

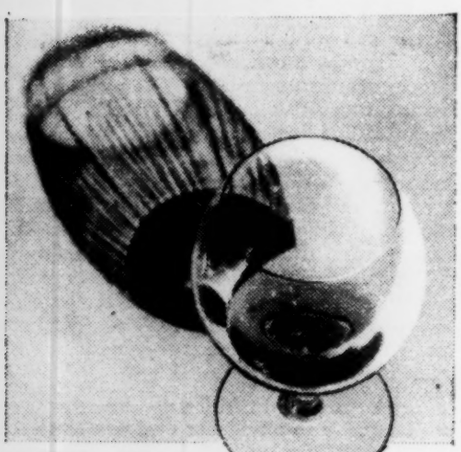
LEONARD WOOLF

A FRENCH VIEW OF AMERICA

Roosevelt and His America. By BERNARD FAY. Translated from the French by WINIFRED RAY. *Routledge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Here is a bright and witty book on a topical subject. The author is a Frenchman who knows America well, and who has made discerning studies of Franklin and Washington. His friendliness toward the United States is mingled with a pleasing malice when he writes of the Anglo-Saxon myth, or of Mr. Hoover, whom he characterises as follows: "Mr. Hoover had a talent for unpopularity, an instinct for tactlessness and a craving for rudeness. Nevertheless, he mastered himself sufficiently never to push his unpopularity nor his tactlessness nor his asperity to such lengths as would have given them glamour and distinction. They were, like his hands, small, damp and nervous."

Most of M. Fay's book is merely good journalism: easy to read, and informative though superficial. Occasionally, however, he goes deeper, writing as an historian who has long sought to understand those partially united States. He knows, for example, the important fact that the American temperament thrives on



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crises. It does not seek to minimise or to ignore them, as does the British temperament. It exaggerates them, and it enjoys them copiously—a fact which should be remembered in judging the daily reports from the United States. "Franklin Roosevelt," writes M. Fay, "succeeded in gaining over his people such a dominion as can only be acquired by statesmen capable of controlling and exploiting the deepest tendencies of a race. In order to save his country from decline, he fed it on crises. As in 1860, as in 1917, America is drunk with a vitality which has always been able to ensure her the victory."

At times, M. Fay seems over-optimistic in foreseeing victory, on his terms, for the American spirit. He believes, for example, that in America the cult of the machine has been discredited. "It is not only Mr. Hoover," he writes, "or Wall Street or optimism of Mr. Ford's variety, but also mechanisation and science that were defeated at the election of 1932. The American public renounces from now onward the craven doctrine that everything that emerges from the brain of the scholar is good and that every scientific invention is a benefit to the human race." I see little evidence of such renunciation. The American public, on the contrary, appears to be attempting *Fordismus* on a hitherto undreamed scale.

In writing of the American farm problem, M. Fay again seems to see too easy a solution. "The great weakness of American agriculture," he says, "was that it was too industrial. The farmer did not live on his farm, as the farmer does in France, Italy or Germany. The American farmer was a manufacturer of wheat or maize or cotton who, with the aid of machinery and the soil produced a merchandise which he afterwards sold. He lived on the financial profits of his industry, not on his labour itself. . . . There can be no security nor prosperity for the farmer unless he learns to live *on* the soil rather than *from* the soil." This is probably true; but M. Fay does not seem to know what a revolution will be needed before the American accepts it as true. The American farmer is unwilling to adopt the simpler standard of living which would be his permanent lot if he began, in M. Fay's sense of the words, to live *on* the soil. The American farmer believes, rightly, that he has been exploited by the industrialist for seventy years; and he believes, wrongly, that if he can turn the tables he can win for himself a standard of life, in terms of the machine, comparable to that of the city worker in times of prosperity. The present administration is pledged to help the farmer realise this dream, which means that it cannot accept M. Fay's dictum that the farmer must learn to live *on* the soil.

HERBERT AGAR

THE ENDLESS SEARCH

A Short History of Religions. By E. E. KELLETT. *Gollancz.* 5s.

For width of range, clarity of statement, and acuteness of analysis Mr. Kellett's survey of the religions of the world, which he contrives to compress within six hundred pages of close print, takes a foremost place. Notwithstanding the immensity of his subject-matter there is no sense of crowding, and the freshness of treatment is remarkable. Moreover, he really does achieve his purpose, as announced in his modest preface. He is not out to satisfy, but to stimulate the interest of serious-minded people in his theme which, as he truly says, is receiving renewed recognition as of paramount importance in the world of to-day. His sense of spacing is nearly faultless, and, in dealing with the often tangled definitions of the varied forms of faith, especially those of the East, his systematising power is little short of marvellous. We would instance the pages devoted to Zoroastrianism, Buddhism, and, above all, the bewildering complexities of Brahmanism—the writer pathetically owns that he "has toiled through the two great epic poems" of the last, the Maha-bharata and the Ramayana, "in mercifully abridged translations"—and its offspring, Hinduism. Though even Mr. Kellett trips here. His excellent index, to which, indeed, he refers us for further enlightenment in one passage, though not in this connection, omits "Hinduism" altogether, and makes no distinction between the two Brahmas. But to find fault here is, we feel, invidious, after so much has been done for the ordinary reader's diet, in cleansing, at all events, the outside of the cup and platter.

His detachment of mind sometimes gets a little in Mr. Kellett's way. We feel this when, with a sigh of relief, perhaps, on the student's part—it may be on Mr. Kellett's, too—we turn to Christianity and its astounding rise and progress, to the division of Eastern Church from the Western, to the struggle between Papacy and Empire, to the Reformation and its consequences, not least in a new crop of "isms." Here we are on more concrete ground. Where, however, the writer is not wholly at his ease, or at his best, is in the first centuries of the Christian era. He rather revives the old Tübingen theory of the rivalry between Peter and Paul, and he certainly skims too quickly over Neo-Platonism, although he acknowledges its enormous influence, even to the present day. His debt to Dean Inge's splendid work is fully acknowledged, and also the absence of a first-hand acquaintance with Plotinus' writings; but what is needed in any approach to Neo-Platonism is a stiff climb through the utmost refinements of Greek philosophy—it was the climax, as the Dean says, of 700 years of untrammelled thought. And then comes experience. It does not do to say, vaguely, that Plotinus "remained in Italy indefatigably teaching and writing, or, at times, enjoying the Beatific Vision." This is about the weakest sentence in the book. Plotinus did not turn on his "Vision" as one might turn on water from a tap. The Ecstasy, whose validity is not questioned, even if gently scoffed at by Mallock in his *Veil of the Temple* as a traveller's glimpse from a train of the pleasant watering-place to which he is bound, apprehends, and is not apprehended by, the soul. It was so with St. Paul; it has been so with every mystic who has known it since. In fact, Mr. Kellett knows that Plotinus is great, but hardly how he is great; nor why, in the fourth century, the Christians "stole the Platonic honey to their hives." Nor does he mention the great Proclus, the Aquinas of Neo-Platonism, at all.

It would seem that partisans are the best writers of history. As they hammer away they have a knack of striking out most sparks of truth from their anvils. The impartial Gardiner was the most insidious of partisans; Lord Acton choked himself. Now a synopsis must be impartial, but Mr. Kellett, for all his incisiveness and verve, does not escape. His is not the fate of an Acton or a Gardiner; yet, as we read, a sort of kindly blur comes over things, and we wonder why people got so excited over their theories of the Divine. Was the English Reformation so smooth an affair? Thomas Cromwell, to judge from the mention of him, only gently expelled a few worthless monks from their useless and corrupt monasteries. That he constructed the most merciless

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tyranny, save that of his kinsman, Oliver, that England has ever known does not enter into the picture. Nor, of course, do any details of the Divorce of Henry. It is one of the big gaps in the teaching of history that those details cannot be told to the young. Again, "the Lords of the Congregation" were not harmless lambs. But there it is! Mr. Kellett has to leave out the treacheries and the lecheries of his story. The blood and the tears, yes, and the constant intrusions of Dionysius and Astarte, must not stain his record, or, at worst, be but hinted at. Yet they infect all religious history. So, after all, it is the outer husk of historic religion that we get in these pages. But we get it at its best, all told. W. K. FLEMING

THE RIDDELL DIARY

An Intimate Diary of the Peace Conference and After. By LORD RIDDELL. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

This final volume of Lord Riddell's *Diary* deserves a place by the side of Greville in the esteem of historians. It is not, of course, that it has any great secrets to reveal; it shows signs of a scrupulous editing. But for the five years from 1918 to 1923 that it covers it is a superb psychological revelation of Downing Street in the Lloyd George period. No one can hope to grasp the character of those years, nor the habits of politicians as seen from that angle, who does not study its pages with intimate care.

No small part of its value derives from the fact that Lord Riddell reveals himself in his *Diary* as a simple, kindly, rather vain man, with a capacity for hero-worship, and a keen eye for the public wants, whose testimony carries conviction. The thing here recorded is the genuine event. Whether it is Sir Henry Wilson with his genius for intrigue and his supreme power to play the *faux bonhomme*, Sir Philip Sassoon as *cuisinier-général* to the war-lords, Mr. Winston Churchill with his genius for convincing himself, or Clemenceau with his unbreakable will rooted in a dead world he had outlived, the men are there to the life. Sir Eric Geddes enjoying to the full his crowded and unexpected hour of glory; Sir Robert Horne, half-overwhelmed by his dizzy rise, half-ardent for further laurels; Mr. Bonar Law, ill and tired and dispirited, yet with a fatigued ambition that is never quiet and still capable of flame; Lord Birkenhead, hungry for a place in history but determined to win it on his own arrogant terms; Sir Austen Chamberlain, second-rate in all things save loyalty and self-respect: Lord Riddell has caught them all, the more accurately because with complete unconsciousness.

The central figure is, of course, Mr. Lloyd George, and an intensely interesting portrait Lord Riddell has drawn of him. Courage, daring, an endless power of devising expedients, complete trust in himself, and a half-trust only in other men, a radical stratum at bottom, with a superstructure that naively enjoys power and its panoply, real flashes of insight marred by the inability either to walk a straight path or completely to let his left hand know what his right hand is doing—this is the portrait that emerges. Reading it, one realises that as the years here recorded go by power is a poisonous thing. Mr. Lloyd George, on Lord Riddell's showing, learned to resent difference of view, to substitute skill in negotiation for imaginative insight, to cling to power with passion even when proclaiming his eagerness to be done with it. It is significant that there is hardly a mention of Mr. Asquith in these pages save by way of denigration. It is significant, also, that the fear of intrigue at the summit seems a suspicion that never completely deserted his mind. It is the picture of a very remarkable man, but of one clever rather than profound, with not an atom of that heedless and instinctive generosity which makes Lincoln so supreme among democratic politicians.

Not the least interesting protrait in the gallery is that of President Wilson. They think him vain, unbending, egoistic, unpractical; yet they all have an uncomfortable sense that when the last word is said about these years President Wilson may emerge as its most striking figure. Most of what is said about him here by way of invective is true enough; but what is missing from the discussions is the not unimportant fact that President Wilson was the only major figure at the Peace Conference who went there with a high set of principles in which he really believed. He had, what none of the others had, a glimpse of a new world struggling to be born, a sense of the foundations it required. He was hopelessly outmanoeuvred by Clemenceau's obstinacy, and Mr. Lloyd George's brilliance. But, even in Lord Riddell's semi-hostile pages, he emerges in that tragedy as the one figure of really tragic proportions. It is of interest to note here that most of the information about Mr. Wilson which came to the diarist's notice came from his enemies; and it is curious to anyone with a knowledge of America to realise how eagerly pretty worthless testimony about him lingers in these pages. I doubt, for instance, whether the historian will consider Mr. James M. Beck's view of the President of final significance in the judgment to be made.

Two final things deserve to be said. Lord Riddell has not merely given us gossip of an invaluable kind. His book is of real importance to the student of politics for other reasons. He makes us see as vividly as anyone has ever done how impossible is the burden the statesman in modern conditions has to carry, how vital it accordingly is to think out anew the conditions of our institutional life. The things Mr. Lloyd George was never brought to understand, the mines, Russia, Ireland, unemployment, were all of them things he was driven to improvise about; and until we have devised some different way of making our rulers aware of the essential emphasis, the kind of errors he made will inevitably recur. Lastly, it is worth noting that there are four hundred pages here through which innumerable figures pass, substantial and phantom-like. It is significantly interesting that Mr. Baldwin's name does not even occur until he had become Prime Minister. Mr. Lloyd George also had his Goschen. HAROLD J. LASKI

THE COMPLETE GARDENER

The Wright Encyclopedia of Gardening. By W. P. WRIGHT. *Dent.* 15*s.*

Surely, amongst all the books man has made, an encyclopedia must nearly top the list of those that have gained his affections, for who can resist the desultory reading in a wholly delightful anthology where the order and arrangement is preordained and unmarred by the whim or prejudice of the compiler? Even the most case-hardened reference hunter must find it difficult to prevent his eye from straying to a nearby illustration or to repress the urgency of reading what he "always meant to look up." For "fine confused feeding" it is unmatched.

The late Horace E. Hooper, proprietor of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, used to tell, perhaps rather wistfully, of a visit to the Middle-West during a "sales-drive." For weeks every device of publicity had proclaimed the ownership of a *Britannica* synonymous with increased crops, bigger prices and prosperous farms. Sitting in a shack—the local office—he heard a buggy drive up and its owner declare, smacking down the cash, that he was sold to *Britannica* and they could put it in the buggy as soon as they liked. Presently, as the books were trundled out on a trolley, he heard a cry, "My God! Is it books I've bought? I thought it was a new fertiliser!" But the purchaser wasn't to be pitied in the least, for an encyclopedia would leaven even Middle-West life.

The pleasures of a general encyclopedia are, however, pale to those of a specialised one, and a new gardening encyclopedia is, to gardeners, an event. It is like all the rarest and newest catalogues in some mysterious and simultaneous flourish.

Those readers who are familiar with *Everyman's Encyclopedia of Gardening* need not be told that this volume, which is much more comprehensive than the old, is no mere list of plants but covers almost every subject and operation pertaining to the garden. The alphabetical section, which comprises about two-thirds of the six hundred odd pages, lists an immense number of plants, flowers, fruits and vegetables. Common as well as botanical names are given together with descriptions, cultural directions, means of propagation and a selected list of varieties. This section, however, is not confined to the alphabetical listing of plants, but can be consulted directly on general subjects such as Annuals, Climbers, Greenhouses, Rockeries, Shrubs, etc., where the information is collated, often accompanied by useful tables, and reference is made to the more detailed data in another part of the text. Horticultural and botanical terms have been excluded from this section and are listed in an illustrated glossary by themselves.

Another section deals separately with propagation by cuttings of greenhouse, herbaceous, and Alpine plants, and shrubs. A practical month by month calendar of garden work is also included, and the publishers have thoughtfully provided blank pages for the reader to record his own notes.

For those gardeners who are not content to rest at the practical, there is "An Outline of Garden Science" dealing with the underlying scientific principles and such mysteries as cell structure, pollination, fertility and heredity. "The Handy-man in the Garden" gives useful dimensions and sketches for the construction

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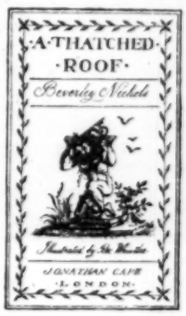

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PROSPECTUS ON APPLICATION

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of greenhouses and frames, etc., but is spoiled by the inclusion of instructions and drawings of rustic work which, one hopes, will be hurriedly passed over and will not prejudice an otherwise admirable book. The illustrations are, with few exceptions, excellent; the text concise yet lucid. Sticklers for nomenclature should have few faults to find. The printing is good and the double column page is a decided improvement. To professional gardeners the volume should prove a handy and reliable reference book; to amateurs, a useful winter's reading till spring calls them out of doors to hansel their new knowledge.

LOOKING BACK

I Look Back. Memories of Fifty Years. By ARTHUR COMPTON RICKETT. Foreword by the Rt. Hon. J. R. MACDONALD, M.P. *Herbert Jenkins.* 15s.

The well-known features of the Premier appear on the wrapper of this book, and we have to pass two more photographs of Mr. MacDonald before we come upon a modestly hidden snap of the author himself. Mr. MacDonald has contributed some interesting glimpses, in his foreword, of Fleet Street in the days of Fox Bourne and A. E. Fletcher. Rather vaguely he has managed to remember the author as a "student journalist" who was "the son of a well-known, stern Congregationalist, and reputed to be wealthy." Mr. MacDonald introduced the young fellow to "the most reputable places, in the suburbs, of advanced politics and modernist literary circles." That was all, it seems, for Dr. Compton Rickett's complementary recollections of that passing acquaintance in the 'nineties are almost as vague.

After these preliminaries one can settle down to Dr. Compton Rickett's interesting memories. There is, of course, the inevitable glimpse of Northcliffe. The "student-journalist" was ushered into the great man's office:

> "H'm. Every young chap thinks he can do dramatic criticism." Then suddenly: "Are you prepared to go to Japan to-morrow?" I hesitated and stammered. Japan—I had not thought about it. "Well," I began. "'Tisn't well," he said. "You are not prepared, and if you were a keen journalist you would be prepared to go—anywhere. I don't want young fellows like you. I want men, who are prepared to go to the other end of the world at a moment's notice without any humming or hawing."

Dr. Compton Rickett cannot be blamed for presenting Napoleonic genius in this manner. Great men tend to express themselves in formulae, and Northcliffe probably "bounced" the next score of unwary young men who appeared before him in identical fashion.

There are many glimpses of the later Swinburne, and Dr. Compton Rickett attributes much of the Putney legend to Gosse, who was "banned" from the villa by Watts-Dunton as an undesirable associate of the poet in early days—the last insult to so respectable a person as Gosse.

Among the celebrities who move through these pages may be mentioned Hardy, who told Dr. Compton Rickett that Tess was suggested by three different women. Her physique and appearance were suggested by a waitress at Weymouth, her character and nature by a Dorchester girl, and a few idiosyncrasies were borrowed from another girl of that town. There could be little in common between William Morris and Oscar Wilde, but a remark of the older poet throws light on a neglected aspect of Wilde's character—"Damned affected but jolly good-natured." One likes, too, Professor Maitland's reply to a student: "'Dark Ages.' Ah! you mean the ages that are dark to you."

Dr. Compton Rickett has spent thirty years as a lecturer for popular agencies and a worker in the University Extension movement, which, as he tells us, has spread surprisingly since the war. He has found lecturing much less deadening than literary criticism. This is due partly to extempore speaking and partly to the insoluble mystery that every audience has its own atmosphere. Even the experienced lecturer may make mistakes. On one occasion Stephen Leacock paused during a lecture to sip from the ritualistic glass of water. He turned gravely to the chairman and said:

> "Kindly see the audience do not escape. I was lecturing yesterday and the audience took advantage of the fact that my throat was dry, and while I was drinking—decamped."

There was grim silence: no one even smiled. Dr. Compton Ricketts passes lightly over the trials of his profession. Once in the east of England, during icy weather, he decided to ask the lady secretary for a whisky-and-soda, and, as a preliminary approach, brought the conversation round to his predecessor. "There was no doubt he was clever," she said, "but he once asked for a whisky-and-soda before the lecture. We do not care for lecturers who depend on alcohol for their inspiration." This is an attractive and amusing collection of memories.

AN EMINENT NOVELIST

Hugh Walpole: A Study. By MARGUERITE STEEN. *Nicholson and Watson.* 12s. 6d.

Mr. Walpole may be reckoned singularly fortunate in receiving the critical attention of two gifted women writers during his lifetime. Miss Clemence Dane's *Tradition and Hugh Walpole* appeared three years ago, and now Miss Marguerite Steen, herself a talented novelist, has written a full-length study of his novels and stories. His claims to such consideration are obvious. Immediately after the war he was numbered among the "younger novelists of promise"; almost alone of that number he has stayed the course during fifteen years to consolidate his reputation by the consistent quality of his work, till now, since the deaths of Lawrence, Bennett, and Galsworthy, he finds himself in his fiftieth year at the head of his profession—excepting Mr. Wells, the sole survivor of the Edwardian generation, almost the *doyen* among English novelists. He has, moreover, an enviable and honourable record for services to literature.

His charm as a novelist is the charm of Trollope; capable, reliable, workmanlike, satisfying, he never lets his reader down. Unluckily for Mr. Walpole, he has written a book on Trollope—unluckily, because it has suggested comparison, frequently unfair, between himself and the Victorian. I have heard it objected to *The Cathedral* that its Trollopian atmosphere is spoiled by the mystical symbolism which justifies the title of the book. Such criticism impertinently presumes an attempt at imitation which Mr. Walpole has certainly never affected. His obvious points of resemblance to Trollope are that he has written understandingly of ecclesiastical life and society, that he has created the imaginary town of Polchester as Trollope created Barchester, and that he is a similarly conservative and intrinsically capable craftsman. He is no experimentalist in expression or juggler of forms; Miss Dane justly visualised in him a champion of tradition. Like Trollope, he is a master of narrative, and *The Cathedral*, which Miss Steen believes "almost inevitably destined to become a classic," is a model of the novelist's constructive art.

Mr. Walpole is, moreover, a very versatile artist. He has written an individual war book in *The Dark Forest*, a small boy's classic in the *Jeremy* trilogy, masterpieces in the fantastic like *The Portrait of a Man with Red Hair* and *Above the Dark Circus*, and has lately completed in the *Herries Saga* the most ambitious historical novel of the century. The worlds of his creation are vast and spread over various phases of society; the world of the Beaminsters is as distinct from that of the Trenchards as either from the community of Polchester. Miss Steen has valiantly attempted to classify his work, assembling his novels into groups and devoting a chapter to each group. She found herself in a maze of overlapping and under the necessity of apologising for discussing *Jeremy* along with the Trenchard books, instead of in the chapter devoted to Polchester, and for mentioning *Fortitude* in that chapter. She would have been better advised to follow the chronological sequence of composition, especially as such a method would have lent itself to some explanation of how and why Mr. Walpole was inspired to write such different books at different times. Illustration of the development of artistic creation is the legitimate excuse for literary biography—the only honourable pretext for prying into a person's private life. Miss Steen's biographical chapter is a superfluous excrescence, calculated to appease the curiosity only of those who devour the gossip paragraphs of the popular press.

In general, Miss Steen is an indifferent critic. Part of her chapter on "The Great Romantic" would have been better omitted, not only because her differentiation between realism and romanticism is inept but because it is invidious. Mr. Walpole may be primarily a romantic writer, but he could never have drawn so many living characters and dramatic scenes without psychological realism.

But Miss Steen obviously loves and appreciates Mr. Walpole's work, and those who do likewise will appreciate her entertaining discussion of his novels. Enthusiastically she deplores the "unmerited obscurity" of that masterpiece of *macabre*, *Above the Dark Circus*, which may well be read, like Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, by many who never venture upon the

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author's major works. I believe she overestimates *The Captives*. I believe she ignores the defects of the *Herries Saga*, notably the sketchiness and diffuseness of *The Fortress*. I am certain that she sets too much value on *Hans Frost*. But enthusiasts inevitably differ about the objects of their regard, and Miss Steen's book may be recommended to all Mr. Walpole's admirers as an illuminating commentary and a gracious and gratifying tribute to an eminent novelist.

MALCOLM ELWIN

SHORTER NOTICES

How a Merchant His Wife Did Betray. *The High House Press.*

This delightful anonymous fifteenth century ballad has been reprinted by Mr. James E. Masters in an edition limited to a hundred copies. The first two lines of the poem are familiar:

Lysteneth, lordyngys, y you pray
How a merchand dyd hys wyfe betray. . .

He follows the text of Joseph Ritson's *Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry*, 1791, retaining the original spelling except for the substitution of "s" for "f." The title-page too, is changed, and Mr. Masters, whose work is done on a hand-press in his own house, has made a simple and lovely design which suits the book perfectly. Mr. Masters is well known among printers and connoisseurs as one of the best craftsmen in England to-day. This book is an excellent specimen of his art.

Variety. By PETER FLEMING. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

When Mr. Fleming is not engaged on Brazilian or Manchurian adventures, he is performing sprightly dances with his pen and his wits. The present volume, if not to be called an achievement, can, and perhaps may, be termed an exuberance. It is in three parts; the first contains light-hearted essays and sketches, varying in length from a middle article in a weekly paper to the witty topical paragraph that enlivens a blank corner. Here Mr. Fleming displays characteristic humour at the expense of everything, including the paper he writes for, and—most emphatically—himself. The most innocent statement provides an easy battleground for his inventive and fertile wit, and when he has done jeering at Advertisers, Thinkers, or Ocean Travel, one begins to wonder whether there is any common object or habit that is not slightly absurd if examined by a keen eye. The second part of the book runs more definitely into fiction (for the fiction in Part I is smuggled in gaily, without formal introduction, as a mere twitching of truth's ears). The travel sketches of the third part show what Mr. Fleming can really do in the way of descriptive writing when he has half forgotten to be a humorist. The final impression is that he can do almost anything he likes, but that he will be wasting his talent if he allows journalistic cleverness to dominate him.

London Prisons of To-day and Yesterday. By ALBERT CREW. *Nicholson and Watson.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Crew is a barrister with a wide knowledge of prison life, and he here describes the English prison from the days (to the end of the eighteenth century) when it was first and last a place of detention, in which the amenities and necessities of life had to be paid for by the prisoner or his friends or by charitable persons, through the cold cruelty of the punishment-retribution theories of the nineteenth century, down to the present day when to an extent—less, however, than Mr. Crew implies—a more humane and intelligent method prevails. We may believe, if we are credulous, that in prison no distinction is made between a duke and a dustman. We can assuredly believe that no distinction is made between poor men given similar sentences, though some may be for comparatively venial offences and others for serious social crimes. Mr. Crew tells us and therefore probably sees too little of this inequality in a seemingly equality, and generally is a little too inclined to take the rules and regulations as suitable for universal application. The story of Brixton with its remand prisoners, many of whom will presently be convicts, being allowed very properly to buy food and tobacco while unfortunate debtors are condemned to the strict rules is not agreeable reading. Mr. Crew believes that only debtors who can pay and won't are imprisoned. It must be a comfort to believe so easily. The subtitle of the book is "plain facts and coloured impressions," but the facts are not always plain and the impressions are generally too rose-coloured. Nevertheless, Mr. Crew is not to be accounted among the worst advocates of punishment, as his foreshadowing of saner methods in the future demonstrates.

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The 9 h.p. is a two-door four-seated saloon, with a 38in. rear cushion, and 48in. of vertical space between roof and floor. There are no foot-wells in the rear cabin, the designer preferring an underslung frame. The radiator has the fashionable forward slope, and is carried well forward to provide as long a body platform as possible. Leg room in the body is very good for a car of this size. Access to the rear cabin is assisted by a novel hinging of the near-side front fauteuil, operated by a convenient handle. The coachwork is of quite unusual quality at the price, and to my thinking is far handsomer in outline than that carried by the larger models. Most designers wallow when they attempt to cater

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for an enclosed luggage locker on a car of medium size with graceful exterior. Probably the Standard people essayed this task, and relinquished it in disgust. Be that as it may, they have adopted a compromise, namely, to enclose the spare wheel (mounted on the stern panel), and to use the enclosing lid as a luggage grid when it is lowered to the horizontal position. The enclosure of the spare wheel is desirable, especially with a stern mounting, since the position is dirty. But this shallow tail box scarcely improves the lines of the larger cars, and the Nine gains vastly in appearance through avoiding this disfigurement. Full marks must be awarded to the designer on another score. He is among the very few who sympathise with the hideous awkwardness of placing a jack under the modern car. So his cheap models have neat tables to take the jack head on their springs, whilst the more expensive cars are equipped with the D.W.S. jacking system. These invaluable jacks are an inexpensive option on the cheaper models.

Some of the larger cars are fitted with free wheel mechanism, a refinement which many drivers appreciate, but which is hardly essential with a good synchromesh gear box.

For the rest, there is no special display of originality, and the cars are rather eminent for having embodied every proved modern tendency in a well-balanced chassis of excellent workmenship at more than reasonable prices. Captain Black, the factory production expert, formerly one of the Hillman chiefs, is the genius responsible for the myriad of technical ingenuities which permit a commercial concern to offer such value for money. The factory is now laid out to produce one car every three minutes, and acceleration is naturally effected by working double or triple shifts.

Subject to a specification which satisfies current taste in its main outline, cars differ from each other mainly in respect of their engines. The Standard people have always been singularly successful in developing the perfect type of power unit for the owner-driver. They give us plenty of efficiency—the little 9 h.p. can touch 57 m.p.h. under full load, and is a most dogged climber on its top gear. But they have never made the blunder of asking customers to tolerate a rough engine. Smooth as their engines have always been, the flow of power from them in 1934 will be silkier than ever, for they now adopt three-point engine mounting, fitting rubber bushes at each support. I believe that the idea originated in America, and that we can only rank as copyists; but it has a subtle civilising effect on lively power units. There was a time when engines were usually bolted to the frame at four points, with no interposed cushioning. Engine vibration and frame flexures registered themselves intimately on our persons, even penetrating the air cushions on which we sat. To-day, just as a three-legged stool with rubber ferrules on each leg sits firmly on the roughest floor, so the modern engine squats quietly in its frame; and the topical cruciform frames, defying road flexure to a high degree, enhance the excellence of the mounting.

Of the remaining models, the 10 h.p. has four cylinders; the 12 h.p. may be ordered with either a four- or six-cylinder power unit, the latter being taxed at £2 per annum more than the four; the 16 h.p. has a six-cylinder engine, and its chassis is sturdy enough to accept the 20 h.p. engine, which is a free option, included for the sake of the export trade. The 20 h.p. is a full-sized six-cylinder car.

Brakes, steering and springing are all slightly above the general average in each class, while the equipment is representative, including no real novelties, but omitting no necessities. The jacking arrangements are the distinguishing feature here. I would venture a prophecy that the new Nine will bite into markets which were monopolised by other factories last year; it is quite remarkable value.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 46.—PENNY POST

On New Year's Day, Mr. Pennywise gave each of his five sons a new penny. A week later he gave each two new pennies, a week later still three pennies each, and so on. At the end of February he collected his brood and addressed them thus:

"Each of you will take one of these little boxes and pack up his pennies in it, making a suitable package to send by post to the Penny Bank. You must put the stamps on yourselves—I mean you must yourselves put the stamps on—using just enough and no more, and while you must all use different distributions of stamps, none of you may use more than one stamp of any particular value." The boys duly carried out these instructions, and Mr. Pennywise noted with interest the following points:

1. The stamps on each package were arranged in order of value from left to right.
2. Of the stamps used by Herbert one was worth half as much as another, and of those used by James one was three times as valuable as another, while though their numbers of stamps were unequal they used between them three times as many stamps as Thomas.
3. The total weight of packing material was equal to that of one finished package, and all packages were of equal weight.
4. John's package had a three-halfpenny stamp on it.
5. Four of the packages were sent by parcels post, and one by letter post.
6. Cyril's stamps were as nearly as possible of equal value.

What stamps did each boy put on his package?

PROBLEM 44.

I need not, I think, set out in detail the method of solving this problem. I have received what must be a record number of solutions, practically all of which are correct. Here is a summary of the data asked for:

Name.	College.	Study.	Sport.	Vocation.
Alaric ..	Oriel	History ..	Hunting .	Barrister.
Bernard ..	Christ Church	Maths. ..	Shooting .	Clergyman.
Colin ..	Peterhouse ..	Science ..	Climbing.	Schoolmaster.
Derek ..	Selwyn ..	Languages	Fishing ..	Journalist .

PROBLEM 43.—THE STRONG BOX

The rhyme shows that the key is contained in the words A GOOD LOCKSMITH. Write this down, and number each letter of it according to its "seniority" in the alphabet; thus:

A	G	O	O	D	L	O	C	K	S	M	I	T	H
1	4	10	11	3	8	12	2	7	13	9	6	14	5

in the case of duplicates numbering them in sequence, e.g. the three o's are numbered 10, 11, and 12 respectively, from left to right.

Now divide the total number of letters in the cryptogram (95) by the number of letters in the key (14), giving a quotient of 6 with a remainder of 11. This implies that the first 11 vertical columns of the decode will be of 7 letters and the remaining 3 columns of 6 letters.

Now write out the cryptogram under the numbered key in vertical columns beginning with the key-letter numbered 1 and progressing in arithmetical sequence, when the solution will at once appear, thus:

A	G	O	O	D	L	O	C	K	S	M	I	T	H
1	4	10	11	3	8	12	2	7	13	9	6	14	5
T	U	R	N	K	N	O	B	A	S	F	A	R	A
S	P	O	S	S	I	B	L	E	T	O	R	I	G
H	T	T	H	E	N	S	I	X	T	E	E	N	N
O	T	C	H	E	S	T	O	L	E	F	T	T	H
E	N	N	I	N	E	T	O	R	I	G	H	T	E
I	G	H	T	T	O	L	E	F	T	A	N	D	T
H	R	E	E	T	O	R	I	G	H	T			
Vertical columns of 7											Columns of 6		

This is one of the most effective forms of cipher known, though the above contains too many repetitions and other defects to be really safe if the key is not known.

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Solutions to the current problem must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen Street, London, W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than the next Tuesday but one after the date of publication.

TRINCULO'S ACROSTIC

X E N O P H O B I A
E D W I N
N I R A (*a*)
O M N I B U S
P A R A BOLA
H O R A T I U S
O R I SON
N A R C I S S U S

(*a*) I have accepted one or two alternatives. The light as it stands is vague.

A copy of my *Playtime Omnibus* goes to Miss A. K. Lewis, 14 The Paragon, Blackheath, S.E.3.

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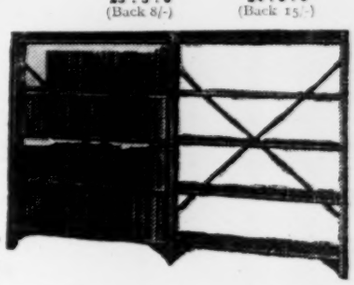

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

THE EXCHANGE POSSIBILITIES OF ROOSEVELT—NEW ISSUE RESTRICTIONS—INTEREST RATES AND GESTETNER—ARGENTINE CONVENTION CERTIFICATES—STOCK EXCHANGE BOOTY

Now that the dollar is at a discount in terms of sterling our authorities may begin to wake up to the full exchange possibilities of President Roosevelt's shock tactics in the gold market. If the President does succeed in depreciating the exchange value of the dollar to the extent of his advance on the dollar price of gold (which we doubt) it is possible for the dollar exchange to fall to 6.27 to the pound on the assumption (1) that the sterling-franc exchange remains pegged at around 80, and (2) that the gold-buying frightfulness will be continued until the dollar is worth only 50 cents in gold. Are the authorities so oblivious of the needs of our exporters that they are prepared to tolerate a dollar-sterling exchange of 6.27? If not, they should inform President Roosevelt that they regard the forcible depreciation of the dollar as an unfriendly act. We do not deny that the British Government's position is extremely delicate. If they were so sensitive of the plaints of our export traders as to instruct the managers of the Equalisation Fund to push the pound down with the dollar, the franc would rise to 62 to the pound when the dollar is worth 50 cents in gold—which would probably drive France off the gold standard. In these circumstances we suggest that the British Government should diplomatically seek to convince the President that his gold-buying policy is not only an unfriendly act but doomed to failure as a means of lifting the internal price level. Forced exchange depreciation does no country any good in the long run, and may do a great deal of harm. As it is hopeless to use the official diplomatic channels for an economic argument, we venture to suggest that the Government should send out Mr. Keynes to Washington to talk the head off Professor Warren.

* * *

It is becoming clear that the right policy for President Roosevelt is to concentrate on the internal inflationary measures, with which he is fully armed, to achieve the desired rise in commodity prices, and, instead of depreciating the dollar, to seek an agreement with the British Treasury for the pegging of the dollar-sterling exchange while his great experiment in controlled inflation is made. Certainly, the dollar-sterling rate cannot be held at par if the American price level were to rise while the British remained constant Assuming that the pound sterling was overvalued by 10 per cent. before we suspended the gold standard, a return to the 1926 level from the *present* wholesale price level on the part of America would imply an equilibrium exchange rate of $5.98 to the pound if British prices remained stationary. Clearly, Great Britain could not undertake to peg the dollar-sterling rate at parity unless the Government agreed to pursue an expansionist programme so as to further a rise in the British price level in conjunction with the rise in the American. And why not? Both Governments have declared that a rise in commodity prices is the goal of their economic policy. Each is entitled to pursue the common policy in different ways—the American by instilling the fear of rising prices through an inflation of the currency and the British by instilling confidence in sound and cheap money so as to promote public and private expenditures out of loans and a revival in the new issue market. If it should happen that the American and British price levels rise faster than the dollar and pound depreciate in terms of gold currencies, this policy will have a beneficial effect on the gold price level, and world trade in general will benefit. An economic and monetary agreement with America is the pressing need of the hour. It is almost as important to put an end to President Roosevelt's exchange frightfulness as to put an end to Nazi frightfulness in Germany.

* * *

To pursue an expansionist programme in this country it is necessary to remove every restriction from the new issue market. We are glad that the Midland Bank returns to this charge in its latest bulletin. The Treasury still retains its ban on foreign loans and on trustee conversion issues involving underwriting or an invitation to subscribe cash. As the Midland Bank argues, the first ban is unnecessary, for no foreign loan could be floated in the present temper of the investing public unless the proceeds of the issue were to be spent on British goods. Thus, no question of pressure on sterling would arise and British trade would benefit. The second ban is not only unnecessary but harmful, for it tends to hold up the expansion of loan expenditures. It is only when the influx of money into fixed interest securities of the trustee class has forced interest rates down to unattractively low levels that the stream of new money flows into the market for industrial securities. The new issue market is certainly reviving, but the bulk of the issues are still for refunding purposes. Now, expansion on the basis of sound money and confidence is the keynote of the Government's policy. To maintain these restrictions on the new issue market can only be a sign of deadly ignorance or stupidity on the part of the Chancellor or the Treasury.

* * *

With intelligent Government direction in the capital market, interest rates could probably be driven down to much lower levels. The trend is clearly indicated by the recent issue of a 3 per cent. twenty-five-year stock at 95 by Manchester, a 3½ per cent. debenture stock at 96 by the North-Eastern Electric Supply Company, and a 5 per cent. preference share to yield 4¾ per cent. by a flour milling company. We have referred on a previous occasion to the longings of certain companies to repay or refund high-interest bearing preference shares. The Gestetner case is relevant to this delicate question. As a result of the sale in 1932 of the unprofitable American business, the company wishes to return £200,000 to shareholders. Obviously the preference shareholders do not want this money returned to the ordinary shareholders. Equally obviously they do not want any part of their own 7 per cent. shares repaid at par, and the company cannot make an offer of the market price for its own preference shares. The solution to this apparently insoluble problem is a masterpiece of ingenuity. Five shillings in cash is to be repaid on each £1 preference and 10*s*. ordinary share, and the shareholders have the right of subscribing to one new 5*s*. ordinary share at par for each preference or ordinary share held. On the basis of the new capitalisation, allowance being made for interest at 3½ per cent. on the cash repaid, last year's profit would leave 22 per cent. on the new 5*s*. ordinary shares, which should thus be worth £1 per share. This price is offered by the Industrial Finance and Investment Corporation to all shareholders who do not wish to take up their new shares. The dividend on the reduced preference shares should be quite as secure as on the old £1 shares, and the compensation for the reduction of the preference shares by 25 per cent. works out as follows:

Cash returned on 100 preference shares	£25
Less cost of 20 ordinary shares of 5*s*. at par ..	5
	20
Plus proceeds of sale of 20 ordinary shares at 20*s*. per share	20
Total cash received	£40

Thus, the net effect is that the preference shareholder has sold a quarter of his holding at 40 divided by 25 = 32*s*. per share, which is considerably higher than the shares have ever been quoted.

* * *

Dealings have started in the U.K. and Argentine Convention Trust certificates to which reference was made the other week. These are the prices and yields:

	Security.	Price.	Flat Yield %.	Redemption Yield %.
A Certificates	100% Gilt-edged	107	3.74	3.35 (to 1947)
B „	70% Gilt-edged	105	5.24	5.07 (to 1951)
C „	100% Argentine	61	4.92	7.19 (at 120% in 1953)

The A and B certificates seem high enough. Curiously, the A certificates would benefit from an Argentine Government default, for their life would be prolonged until 1953. The C certificates are an attractive exchange for holders of certain Argentine Government bonds.

* * *

To students of investment or politics or ethics alike we recommend a reading of the Stock Exchange Supplement to be published by the *Financial News* on Monday. One article dealing with the Stock Exchange business of the investment institutions is of special interest. On the basis of the existing estimate of stamp duties it is calculated that the turnover of securities on the Stock Exchange, *excluding* gilt-edged securities, amounts to about £2,000 millions a year, of which 20 per cent. is attributed to investment institutions. It is clear that the Stock Exchange is a very privileged institution, and the broker something of a spoilt darling.

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